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### To Perdita, Singing.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in clear moonshine;
Silver, silver, ever mounting,
Ever sinking,
Without thinking,
To that brimful heart of thine.
Every sad and happy feeling,
Thou hast had in bygone years,
Through thy lips comes stealing, stealing,
Clear and low;
All thy smiles and all thy tears
In thy voice awaken,
And sweetness wove of joy and woe,
From their teaching it hath taken;
Feeling and music move together,
Like a swan and shadow ever
Heaving on a skyblue river,
In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,
Yet it is not sad;
It hath tones of clearest gladness,
Yet it is not glad;
A dim, sweet, twilight voice it is,
Where To-day's accustomed blue
Is overgrayed with memories,—
With starry feelings quivered through.

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in sunshine bright,
And I never weary counting
Its clear droppings, lone and single,
Or when in one full gush they mingle,
Shooting in melodious light.

Thine is music such as yields
Feelings of old brooks and fields,
And around this pent-up room
Sheds a woodland, free perfume;—
Oh, thus forever sing to me!
Oh, thus forever!
The green, bright grass of childhood bring to me
Flowing like an emerald river,
And the bright blue skies above;
Oh, sing them back, as fresh as ever,
Into the bosom of my love,—
The sunshine and the merriment,
The unsought, evergreen content,
Of that never cold time,
The joy that like a clear breeze went
Through and through the old time!

Peace sits within thine eyes,
With white hands crost in joyful rest,
While through thy lips and face arise
The melodies from out thy breast;
She sits and sings,
With folded wings,
And white arms crost
"Weep not for passed things
They are not lost;
The beauty which the summer time
O'er thine opening spirit shed,
The forest oracles sublime
That filled thy soul with joyous dread,
The scent of every smallest flower
That made thy heart sweet for an hour,—
Yea, every holy influence
Flowing to thee, thou knewest not whence,
In thine eyes to-day, is seen,
Fresh as it hath ever been;
Promptings of Nature, beckonings sweet,
Whatever led thy childish feet,
Still will linger unawares,
The guiders of thy silver hairs;
Every look and every word
Which thou givest forth to-day,
Tell of the singing of the bird
Whose music still'd thy childish play
Times may change and pass away,
But not one thing which thou hast loved
From thy soul shall be removed;
When thou weep'st that they are lost,
And dost sorrow to be gone,
For that they have hasted on,
They are present with thee most."

Thy voice is like a fountain,
Twinkling up in sharp starlight,
When the moon behind the mountain
Dims the low east with faintest white.
Ever darkling,
Ever sparkling,
We know not if 'tis dark or bright.
But when the great moon hath rolled round,
And, sudden-slow, its solemn power
Grows from behind its black, clear-edged bound,
No spot of dark the fountain keepeth,
But swift as opening eyelids, leapeth,
Into a waving silver flower.

## Original Articles.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

### The Hour of Peril.

#### A Tale of the Indian Border.

BY [illegible].

It was the middle of October. The era was that of the American Revolution. The scene was a little farm-house or rather cottage, situated in one of the pleasantest nooks of the valley of the Mohawk. A few acres of cleared land surrounded the tenement which was apparently buried in the very heart of the forest. In the rear of the cottage was a garden, through which brawled a brook, that after tinkling over a tiny waterfall in one of the neighboring fields, lost itself in the shadows of the dim old woods to the right of the house. Though the cottage, as we have said, was small, no language can describe its beauty. Every thing connected with the structure bore the impress of neatness and taste. It had been originally built of hewn-logs, and these had subsequently been covered with a weather-boarding, but neither could now be seen through the thick canopy of vine-leaves which covered the walls, and which all dyed in hues of purple, crimson and gold, gave the cottage a fairy-like appearance, reminding the traveller of the autumnal hills of the Rhine. Indeed so completely was the tenement buried in the foliage that the windows themselves were half shrouded from sight, while the door-way was partially concealed by the leaves that hung drooping from the arbor overhead.

The hour at which our story opens was that witching time betwixt sunset and dark, when every thing is hushed in a silence that seems to partake of Paradise. On this evening the twilight was peculiarly soothing. The sunset yet faintly reddened the western sky, and the moon just began to be seen on the eastern horizon, while the balmy wind of an autumnal evening was wakening its low symphony over earth and air. The little cascade could be heard murmuring sweetly in the distance. Occasionally a leaf would rustle to the ground, or the forest emit a low mysterious sound like the sighing of a multitude of wood-nymphs; while, now and then, the vine-leaves would rattle pleasantly in the breeze, or the whistle of a wood-pigeon would be heard down in the forest. The hour was one for melancholy yet sweet emotions—it was an hour to make one forget the earth and aspire after heaven.

In one of the rooms of the little cottage sat two beings, and both were surpassingly beautiful. The one was a dark-haired girl, with large flashing hazel eyes, and a figure that would have become a Juno. Her mien, so queenly and majestic, yet imbued with a feminine grace that rendered it bewitching—her lofty impassioned brow, softened, however, by a playfulness of expression almost infantile—and the deep dark splendor of her lustrous eyes so full of high resolve, yet beaming with womanly tenderness,—all these combined to form a face and figure which reminded you one while of a Penthesilia, and another while of a Hebe. Her companion was smaller in size, and of a different order of beauty. Nothing could be more exquisitely proportioned than her slight and sylph-like figure—and yet nothing could be more full and rounded than every delicate limb. Her face was like that of a Madonna, so high and holy was its expression. It was one indeed to fall down before and worship. The eyes were of a deep blue, the hair was of a sunshiny gold, the forehead was broad and beautifully smooth, the lips were of a luscious red and delicately chiselled, and the smile that played around her mouth when she spoke had a purity and sweetness, and told of such deep affection smouldering in the virgin heart of the owner, that you could not gaze without admiration, nor admire without love. And then, as her companion spoke gaily and often teasingly on some subject which seemed to be near the heart of the maiden, the blushes would momently shoot into her face and die away, as the northern lights on a clear wintry evening flush the sky for an instant and then fade.

"Yes, coz," continued her companion, keeping up a conversation which had lasted some time, "this unnatural war will soon be at an end, and then how happy shall we all be—you in your house in the clearing below, and we in this old homestead scarcely a ten minutes walk distant. But," she added, rising, "it is nearly time for brother to be here. He said he would be absent at the fort only for two or three hours at the utmost, and it has now been at least four. But I suppose he will soon return—I must make you promise to chide Harry when he gets here—what! blushing again—but hark! was that a footstep!"

For an instant both maidens paused and listened; but not hearing a repetition of the fancied sound, they resumed their conversation.

"I did not hear any step," said Helen, "and I think I would have—" she stopped, on seeing the eyes of her cousin fixed laughingly on her, and turned away in a beautiful embarrassment.

"You would have said, or rather you thought," said her companion archly, "that you should know Harry's footstep—was it not so, sweet coz!" continued Jane, patting the fair girl's cheek as she would have caressed that of a young sister, "come, I know your every thought, and now you need not blush to own your love for Harry, when a nobler or truer heart never beat in a manly bosom," and as the warm hearted girl pronounced this eulogium on her brother, her dark eye kindled with sisterly pride.

"I do not blush to own that I love Harry," said the younger maiden, "as you know, dear Jane; and I would lay down my life," she continued with enthusiasm, "at any time, if it became necessary, for his—so wholly and unreservedly do I cherish his image in my heart—and that is a confession I have never made before, even to you. But—but—but—"

"Never mind the buts, sweet coz," gaily said Jane, "I guess your excuse, although you cannot find words in which to express it, for if it had been about that madcap Charley Stanworth we had been conversing, and I had been convicted of blushing at his name, the excuse I should have given would have been that I could not help it," and the maiden actually paused from sheer want of breath as she finished the sentence.

"Oh! how you rattle on, Jane," said her milder companion, "I am sure I never could talk as you do, about Harry."

"And why not, Helen? Simply because it is not your nature so to do. But you know you were always silent and reserved, while I have been called a rattler ever since we dressed our dolls together in the old parlor in Albany, before father had failed, or either of us had thought of these wild but beautiful woods."

"Or of Captain Stanworth," interposed Helen, with something of the archness of her companion.

"Why, my modest coz," retorted Jane, merrily lifting up her hands in affected astonishment, a gesture which brought the blood again into the cheeks of her sensitive companion, "you have really cast off your reserve at last—the leopard has changed his spots—but" she added suddenly, seeing that the blood had left Helen's face, and that her cheeks had assumed a hue as livid as that of death, while her eyes, distended with horror, were fixed in a stony gaze at some object across the shoulder of the speaker, "what is the matter? Are you ill? In heaven's name speak!"

Helen made an attempt to reply, for her lips moved, but it seemed as if some strange power had deprived her of speech, and her only reply to the question was made by pointing with a quivering finger in the direction in which her gaze was fixed. All this passed in an instant—the next moment Jane turned hurriedly around.

The sight that met her eyes would have driven the blood back in torrents on the stoutest heart, and well accounted for the terror which shook the frame of Helen as in an ague-fit, for in the opposite casement might be seen the dark scowling face of an Indian, in his war paint, peering through the brown embowering foliage. He had approached unseen and pushing aside the vine leaves, glared in on the cousins like a tiger on his prey. Never had a more fearful countenance met the eye of either of the maidens. His wrinkled brow was bent into a habitual frown, and from beneath his overhanging forehead gleamed forth his dark fiery eyes like livid coals glowering far down in a furnace. His teeth were slightly parted in a sardonic smile, and his nostrils were distended in eager anticipation of his prey. A slight scream burst from Isabel's lips as her eye fell on this fearful apparition, and for a moment, as she reflected on the situation of Helen and herself, her brain whirled wildly around, as if reason was reeling from its throne. And well might her heart beat quick, the color flush and go in her cheek, and her breath come in short quick gasps, when she reflected on her unprotected situation. It was the year in which the Mohawks under Brandt made those terrible incursions into the valley which have since filled the most melancholy pages of our revolutionary history,—incursions in which villages were depopulated, whole districts laid waste, and some of the most frightful massacres committed by the savages and their more barbarous allies the tories, that ever have stained the records of the past—and although the settlements in the vicinity where our heroines resided had hitherto been considered safe from the enemy, yet rumors of the atrocious deeds perpetrated by the Indians had often drawn tears from the cousins' eyes, and made the name of a Mohawk as terrible to them as that of some all-destroying pestilence, aye! or of death itself. Jane saw, at a glance, therefore the dangers that surrounded her. She knew enough to know that the Indian before her was an enemy, and, judging from his paint, engaged on a war-expedition. Besides that, the intruder was not unaccompanied, for a hasty glance revealed to her more than one dusky face in the background. Alone, unprotected, far from all succor—what could two feeble women do against such foes? Jane suspected moreover that either the assailants were in such force as to defy all the strength of the valley, or else that the cottage had been watched with the intention of surprising its more defenceless inmates when their natural protectors should be absent. A dark fear also shot across her mind lest her brother should have been waylaid and murdered. The thought was agony itself; for if such had indeed been the case, where would be the slightest hope of succor even if the savages should spare their life and that of Helen, and carry them off as prisoners? Suddenly the idea flashed across her mind, that perhaps the night might make good a defence for a few minutes, trusting that during the delay either help might arrive, or some accident occur to rescue them in another way. With this object, with admirable presence of mind, she sprang to the door of the appartment and hastily letting fall a huge bar which served for a bolt in lieu of a more finished fastening, effectually excluded the assailants from entering in that direction, without first destroying the door. This manoeuvre did not occupy an instant, during which Helen had sunk almost fainting into a chair; but when Jane returned to her cousin, the daring girl found that the wily savage who had first arrested her attention was endeavoring to dash in the window frame, and thus gain an ingress into the apartment. The spirit of Jane was high and bold even to masculine courage, and it was now rendered even more so by the helplessness of her cousin and the conviction that every thing depended on her own energies. It was but the work of an instant therefore for her to seize a musket which depended on rough hooks from the ceiling, as was usual in every frontier house at that period, and presenting it at the head of the savage to await his entrance. It was a noble sight to gaze on the beautiful girl then, and notice how the peril of her situation had changed her demeanor in a few moments from that of gay and reckless merriment into the high resolve of a Spartan women. Her cheek was flushed with excitement, her dark eyes beamed with a lustre like that of stars flashing through a stormy cloud, and her proud form appeared dilated to the most gigantic proportions. Yet even then—even at the breathless crisis of her fate, her woman's nature for a second, prevailed over her stern resolve, she hesitated, her hands faltered, and the muzzle of her piece dropped; but, as the wily savage, eager to avail himself of her momentary vacillation, leaped up on the sill with the intention of bounding into the room with the next spring, the consciousness of her peril and that of Helen returned on her in its full force, her resolution returned, her hand no longer faltered, and raising the musket to a level with the advancing head of the savage, she pulled the trigger for the first time in her life, and fired. The Indian gave a sharp yell, quivered in every limb, and springing half way up fell dead across the sill, effectually blocking up the casement. But this providential circumstance was for the moment overlooked in the strange feeling, which, now that she had done the deed, came over the heart of the heroic girl. Perhaps also her sudden paleness was attributable in a measure to the wild yell that, on the fall of their leader, burst from the voices of a dozen savages outside the house.

"Oh! what have you done?" gasped Helen, pale as a corpse, looking fearfully at Jane when that frightful yell had ceased.

"God help me," responded Jane, "I scarcely know. But if I had not acted as I did, he would have been in the room in another instant, and a merciless death would have been our lot ere this. We are now safe for a while—at least until they force the door. Unless succor arrives before they resort to that," continued the maiden, her whole nature appearing suddenly altered by the daring deed she had done, "we shall die under their tomahawks, for we can hope for no mercy now. Hold this powder-horn," she continued, for she had already seized the ammunition hanging from the ceiling with the musket, and commenced re-loading; "but no! your hand trembles too much—poor girl!—I must do it myself. There it is finished—cheer up, sweet coz: help may even now be at hand—Harry cannot delay much longer."

"Oh! pray heaven that he may not come now," gasped Helen, "it would be certain death. Do you think he will come at this late hour Jane? Oh! say he will not. Or perhaps he is already in their hands," and the usually mild eyes of the speaker gleamed with a strange lustre as she looked imploringly into the face of Jane.

"No, no! it is impossible," quickly responded her companion—caring only to soothe her cousin—"no, he is detained by something that has kept him at the fort, and he is too skilful a forester to approach even his own home, without becoming aware of the vicinity of enemies."

"Oh! thank you, thank you for those words," murmured Helen, "if I am to die let it be, but let not Harry fall, oh! heavenly father, and that too, in a vain attempt to rescue me," and the angelic being as she spoke raised her eyes to heaven. They were wet with tears.

Jane turned away; but though her heart was full, no tear stood in her large dark eye. In her mind a sense of their peril, and a consciousness that their only hope of life depended on her own unassisted energies, had consumed every other feeling—and though different emotions might meanwhile agitate her bosom, they could do so only in a secondary degree, to that one over-ruling sensation which now reigned paramount in her bosom. Her whole energies were devoted to the preservation, if possible, of their lives. While therefore gently pressing the trembling maiden to her bosom, Jane remained alive to the slightest sound which might betray a renewed attack on the part of their foes. For a few moments, however, it seemed as if the savages had withdrawn, during which, Jane strove to reassure the sensitive being in her arms, using a thousand reasons, but which were, alas! insufficient to her own mind, why help must soon arrive, and why no possible injury could fall on her brother. It was a touching scene to behold those two young beings during that pause in the attack—the one slight and timorous as the startled fawn, the other comparatively bold as the antlered stag—the one burying her face in her companion's bosom, and seeming in every thing to be the defenceless being whom we love to picture as seeking our protection, the other bolder and more composed, soothingly caressing the trembler on her bosom, whispering words of comfort and hope into the ear of her friend, and appearing in every thing to fulfil the duties of our sterner and more courageous sex. Or to alter the figure, the one seemed like a weeping seraph seeking protection on the breast of some higher yet not less beautiful intelligence, while the other was that loftier spirit—some Gabriel perhaps from beneath the great white throne—breathing words of consolation into the afflicted soul of the mourner.

But it was not long that the two maidens were allowed thus to indulge their feelings unrestrained,—for soon the silence was broken by another whoop on the part of the savages, and it soon became evident that the Indians, infuriated by the death of their companion, had determined to carry the house at all hazards. Their first point of attack was the door, against which the blows of their hatchets soon fell in terrible rapidity. Jane's heart died within her, for she knew that not the slightest hope remained for her and Helen, if their assailants should succeed. With a throbbing heart therefore she gazed on the door, grasping the musket firmly, however, as she looked, and turning momently to the alarmed being at her side to whisper words of hope and consolation. But events were now coming to a crisis. They crowded on each other in fearful rapidity. Louder and louder swelled the wild shouts of the savages outside, and fiercer and more fierce were the blows that they hailed on the door, which already began to quiver beneath the repeated strokes. And now with one long wild shout a panel fell in—another and another blow succeeded; and at each stroke the door shivered as if about to fall. At this crisis a dusky form flitted past the shattered panel on the outside, and Jane availing herself of the oversight, raised her piece,—but reflecting that it would be of greater service to her in the very moment of the onset she lowered the muzzle. As she did so she heard a noise behind her, followed by a shriek from her cousin—for Helen had now sunk almost fainting with terror into a chair—and turning quickly around she saw a tall brawny savage who had just leaped through the casement, and the sound of whose feet alighting on the floor had attracted her attention. The wily barbarian had availed himself of the undivided attention which Jane bestowed on the yielding door to remove the corpse of his leader from the window and thus obtain an entrance. For the first moment during that eventful hour, Jane was too paralyzed to act. The Indian seized the favorable instant, and springing like a panther on the amazed girl, wrenched the musket from her hand with the speed of thought, accompanying the action with a yell of savage delight—and then unsheathing his tomahawk, he raised it aloft and whirled it in rapid, uncertain circles around his head, as if momently about to strike his prey, yet delaying the blow, from instant to instant, to enjoy the agonies of his victims—and in his triumphant smile, his exulting smile, and the expression of savage pleasure imprinted on his features might be read the gratification which he felt in subjecting his victims to this fiendish torment. Meantime Jane had sunk down on her knees beside Helen, and the two cousins were clasped in each others arms, awaiting the death which was now inevitable—yet even in that moment it was touching to behold the heroism with which Jane covered, as much as possible, the form of Helen with her own, seeming like a Niobe endeavoring to shroud her cousin from the destroyer's stroke. All this had passed with the rapidity of thought. The intruder's appearance, the loss of the musket, the malicious torture of the Indian, and the last convulsive embraces of the maidens, had scarcely occupied a longer period than that of a few seconds. Who can tell the thoughts that meanwhile rushed, like an army of fiends and wild spectres, through the souls of the two maidens? Oh! is not a whole life crowded into the hour of death? Yet the cousins thought not, in that awful moment, wholly of themselves,—for there were wild outpourings of their hearts to those dear ones whom they should never see again. And little did the manly bosoms of their lovers reck of the peril which surrounded Jane and Helen. So young, so fair, so full of hope, so fit to make this world a heaven—and yet to die this fearful death, unsoothed, unknelled, far from their family, forever hidden from the eyes of friendship and love? But the moments of their existence were now numbered—the last grain of sand was about falling from the glass. Drawing Helen convulsively to her bosom, and lifting her dark lustrous eye upward in a wild appeal to heaven, Jane tore her thoughts from earth and breathed a final prayer to heaven. For the last time the weapon of the savage swung on high. The flash of the polished blade glanced wildly in the shadowy twilight across the sight of Jane—and she could hear the whistling of the keen weapon as it cut the air in its descent—but, at that instant, clear, sharp and ringing, the bullet of a rifle sang across the twilight, and giving a sudden leap upwards the savage fell dead at the feet of Jane, his tomahawk making a circuit and striking harmlessly in the floor as he staggered to the ground,—while, wild and loud, rising even over the crack of the piece, swelled out the shout of a well known voice, and almost instantaneously a tall form sprang in through the casement, revealing to the astonished eyes of the maidens, the brother of Jane and the lover of Helen Devereux. On the moment too a giant's blow sent the door reeling from its hinges, and an officer in the continental uniform dashed into the room, followed by a score of soldiers.

"Jane—thank God she is safe!" exclaimed the officer as he sprang forward and caught in his arms the heroic girl, who now that the danger was past swooned away.

"And Helen—poor, poor girl!—the savage bloodhounds have almost been your death!" said her athletic lover as he bore her inanimate form toward the casement, and dashed over her face the water in a flower vase that stood on a table nigh.

It was some hours later in the evening, and in place of the tumult which had marked the twilight, a holy silence reigned around the cottage and on the surrounding forest. The moon rode high in heaven, shining from a cloudless sky with a calm and mystic light, like that shed from the countenance of a Sybil. The shadows of the old woods without lay weird and solemn on the landscape, while the little waterfall sent up a low murmuring sound as if in unison with the scene.

By the same window at which they sat when we first introduced them to the reader, again sat the cousins; but now their lovers were at their side, and their talk was less gay than before. Every vestige of the late struggle had been removed from the apartment, and no one would have thought that in the now quiet room had, only a few hours before, raged the sound of mortal strife.

"And you will have us again to explain how we arrived so opportunely to your rescue," said the brother of Jane in his frank voice, "well—they say the curiosity of your sex is never satisfied—but I should not be so gay, you would say by that glance of your eye, Helen—was it not so? Well, though I cannot help being glad, very glad, yet I will sober down my expressions for once.

"You know that I left you to go to the fort, intending to return a couple of hours before nightfall,—but when I got half way to the place I struck an Indian trail, and following it up with astonishment, I saw that it led back of the fort and down the valley. I was beyond measure surprised, for the savages had never penetrated to our vicinity. I reflected a moment, hesitating whether to return home and get you to a place of safety or to hurry on to the fort and give the alarm. As the trail did not appear to run in this direction, I fancied there would be no danger in leaving you an hour or two longer, especially when I knew that hastening instantly to the fort I might be the means of saving many lives. Accordingly I hurried forward and reached my journey's end a few minutes before the arrival of Captain Stanworth, who had been despatched to protect the valley, information having reached head-quarters, through intercepted letters, of an intention, on the part of the savages, to make a descent in this vicinity. Almost at the same instant a scout came in who had struck the Indian trail below the fort, and who communicated the alarming intelligence that the trail had turned off towards our section of the valley. We felt that not a moment was to be lost, but with most of the captain's company and such of the neighbors who chose to volunteer, hurried hither. Some delay, however, had by this time occurred, and though we proceeded forwards at a most rapid pace, we arrived barely in time to rescue you. Nor could we have saved you had the savages maintained as keen a watch for foes as usual, but managing to surprise the assailants they fell an easy prey. The noise made by them in hewing at the door prevented you and them from hearing our approach. Providentially catching sight of a savage springing in at the casement, I dashed to the open window, and——you know the rest. We have no doubt extirpated the whole of the band, but to-morrow we will, to ensure your safety, conduct you to the fort, and scour the country for the barbarians."

Our story is done. We will, however, add that the valley was never again disturbed by an irruption of Indians, and that the following summer beheld the realization of the picture described by Jane—for Stanworth retiring from the service was united to the heroic girl, while, on the same day, Helen gave her hand to the choice of her heart. The two families took up their residence within a few minutes walk of each other, and to this day their descendants inhabit the old homesteads.

### The Sister Nun.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and most pitiless—induced the Nuns to give their enterprizing admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepoint and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Ines de Castro readily believed them men of honor. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepoint's brother, who commanded a man of war then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the Andromache would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight: the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore; and the gray massy building in the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the limes that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. "She's mine," cried Pierrepoint, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and show her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Ines attempted to follow her; but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a search, found the insensible Ines. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the Andromache, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a lover only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Ines, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepoint was ignorant, or pretended ignorance, as to what became of either; and, hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping that it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepoint, coming, unexpectedly to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event, at the opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognized by Sir Harry Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister.

"Can you bear to hear the truth?" said Trelawney, anxiously.

"Any thing—every thing"—she exclaimed—"but suspense."

He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Ines endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns assembled in full assembly:—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows.

"My agony," Trelawney added, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honor—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepoint to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney's communication, in a moment of irritation he penned a challenge to his former companion; sent it—fought—and fell.

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the continent, she was aware her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid noviciate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Ann-tasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the convent, the grave shed over her its tranquilising mould.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

### To Melanie.

They say your hair is brown, love,
I never thought to look.
Your face entranced my soul, love,
As some romantic book.—
I never scanned its features,
They all uncertain seem,
Yet lovely as an angel's,
An angel's in a dream.

Thy brow is ever holy,
And calm as midnight skies
Within whose lofty portals
Full many a wonder lies.
Its purity and brightness
I silent sit and trace
As worshippers up-looking
Into the Virgin's face.

Thou speakest in thy blushes
So innocent thou art—
And ev'ry gentle feeling
That flits across the heart,
And all the wild emotions
That o'er its surface pass,
Thy roseate cheek revealeth,
As through a clouded glass.

The soul from out thine eyes, love,
Unceasingly doth shine,
A softened light they shed, love,
As from an inner shrine
Behind whose shadowy curtain
We only dimly see,
Yet rapt with mystic beauty
We bow, a devotee!

Thine eyes are full of gladness,
My own Euphrosyne!
And sparkle in their laughter,
With overflowing glee.—
So bright seems life before thee,
So guileless all thou art,
That mirth, as from a fountain,
Is gushing at thy heart.

And thou alas! art absent—
Yet still thy blue-eyes seem
To smile upon me sweetly
In many a waking dream;
And oft in midnight slumbers
Thy wavy form I see,
And hear a trembling whisper—
They tell me, love, of thee!

October, 1841. BETA.

### Retrenchment.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance-sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle: Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "on the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion! How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is to great to ensure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as to come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothing; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you'll find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should ride round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four grays, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements, passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance-sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was only a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him. "Oh, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English, with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment! Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners; and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the *sense of shame* which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take *port* or claret. The port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know? I'll let you into a family secret: Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses*.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension *in four horses*, I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well; and, at four o'clock, I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern—we set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good, plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and, risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no *difference* in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay, and always healthy; and, as for carriages and horses, they are of no use here; they are to be had at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life."

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, farther, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

### The Reprieve.

"And may God have mercy on your soul!" There is an appalling and mournful feeling that comes over the bystander in a Court of Justice, when, after a period of intense interest and breathless attention from the crowded audience, the judge concludes the sentence of death upon a fellow being who has incurred the highest penalties of the law, with the quaint and simple supplication above. But at such a time, who, without the experience, can imagine the feelings of a young man—the counsel for the condemned, who sits beside his client after every energy has been spent in vain, and beholds the final seal thus impressed upon the destinies which had been confided to his care and protection.

All that ingenuity, all that research, all that the midnight toil could accomplish has been fruitlessly exerted—every hope, every chance has been concluded, there is no error, no informality, no appeal, and the hope and the anxiety which has animated every particle for some period back with its intensity, has flickered its last gleam upon the case. The prisoner stands condemned to die, by the sentence of the law, which he has violated. Oh! it is a thrilling and a painful moment, and one which, though more than once experienced, I would pray ever to avoid again.

John ——— was tried for murder. He was one of several brothers who had emigrated early in life to this country, and who had left behind them every thing that they had esteemed dear in kindred or in friendship, to meet their fortunes in the new country of the free. They had been here for many years, and by [illegible] a comfortable little property for their security in time of need, or in the decline of life. John was the twin brother of another who had been left at home to gather for the old people the crops that were grown upon the homestead. He was in the midst of his prosperity—every thing around began to wear the assurance of the success of his honest and upright career among his colaborers, and those with whom he was associated—his house became the asylum of the destitute of his countrymen, and his counsel, the guide and support of the distressed. In short, he was among his own class and among his countrymen, no common man.

When the news of the arrest was made public, there was, as might be expected, great excitement among his friends. Every determination was set for his service—every heart beat with a quick pulse in his regard, and a hundred hands were ready to lend their aid in securing his defence. The services of a senior counsel and myself, were retained for the accused. The ex-parte hearing was had, and upon a positive accusation confirmed by some circumstantial evidence, the unfortunate prisoner was remanded, to await his trial at the next session of the Oyer and Terminer. The day fixed for the trial arrived. The Court House was crowded in every part, and amidst all the assemblage there was not perhaps one being unconnected with the issue, that *did not* feel a lively and fervent desire for the acquittal of the prisoner. He had just arrived at the full development of the man—he was about thirty, and his well squared frame, his healthy glow which stood upon the cheek unchanged by the prison's dew or the mind's distress, and his good humored smile that was stamped by nature upon his face in the hour of his birth—all made him an object of interest, and his fate a subject of solicitude to every one who looked upon him. The trial occupied several days, during which every assiduity and attention which professional experience and skill at the hands of those retained for him could give, was bestowed upon his case. All that friends could do, or means could command in his behalf was expended in the establishment of his defence. Yet all could avail nothing against the effective and affecting power of the prosecution. The widow of the deceased, and the orphans of the murdered man, dressed in the sad habiliments of mourning, came in the presence of the prisoner, and when called upon to designate the murderer of the husband and the father, pointed with unerring certainty and equal promptitude to the accused. The evidence detailed a most foul and deliberate deed. The deceased had been watched on his way home to his residence, which was some distance from the habitation of any fellow being. In a moment of fancied security and quiet, when his wife was busied in the preparation of the plain and homely fare of the evening board, and the children were clambering around their father's knees, to hear his account of the doings of the day with the out-door world, and manifesting their joy at the return of their labor-worn parent—at such a sacred moment, the assassin had entered the door of their solitary home, and with a demoniac fierceness, before their eyes, and in the very drowning of their cries for mercy and for help—had slain their only support and protector, in a strange, wide world; and with a merciless instrument with which he was prepared, had beaten the body of the deceased until it presented before them a loathsome gory mass, scarcely distinguishable as having been the habitation of the spirit that had but a moment before enlivened and warmed them with the ardor of its affection. In addition to this evidence, the prisoner, though residing several miles from the place where the deed had been committed, was seen in that neighborhood, by several persons who knew him, but a short time previous to the hour in which it was alleged the murder had been perpetrated. To all this the prisoner could say nothing, but the unvarying expression of the surprise in which he was overwhelmed at the character of the charge, and the evidence, and the reiterated protestations of his perfect and entire innocence of the crime alleged. There was no chance of proving an *alibi*. It was true he had been in the neighborhood of the place where the deed was committed, about the time of its transaction; he was there in search of a person on some business, but at what precise time he was at any particular place, he was as unable to prove, as it was impossible for him to give evidence of his entire ignorance of the existence of such a being as the deceased, prior to the time of his accusation.

The trial was concluded, and the jury, with every desire and disposition to receive and cherish every shadow that might oppose the glare of evidence in which the guilt of the prisoner was exhibited to them, were solemnly compelled to seal their verdict of condemnation, and to place the prisoner upon the mercy of a higher tribunal, for the numbering of his days upon earth. The day of sentence was one of such impressive character as to leave its remembrance deep in the heart, after a lapse of many years.

There sat the three judges congregated together, to witness the imposing and solemn discharge of the last act of the court, in pronouncing sentence. Confronting them in the centre of the long dock sat the convicted prisoner. On each side was marshalled a small body of the officers of the peace, with their staffs of office holding off the eager crowd that pressed on all sides to obtain a look at the unfortunate victim of the law. In the centre of the forum sat the members of the bar, who had been attracted on this sad and unusual occasion, each bearing in his countenance the deep impression of the high authority which they were about to witness, exercised by man over his fellow man. Every corner and every nook, every window and door that commanded an avenue to the court-room was thronged with spectators. And yet, with all this crowded assemblage, not a whisper was heard to disturb the silence that reigned around. After a little while the prisoner was ordered to stand up. He rose from his seat and firmly took his position at the bar. As he rose, however, and exposed his manly features, his unwrinkled brow and noble figure to the bystanders, an involuntary sigh heaved from the bosom of the multitude, to behold one so fair, so mild and so youthful, about to receive the doom of the murderer—the sentence of death. The feeling judge, in a tone that bespoke the emotion under which he labored, addressed the prisoner by name, and in a solemn voice asked him if he had any reason "why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him." He stood a moment as if collecting his energies and his thoughts, and after looking around upon the mass of fellow beings that surrounded him, he answered as follows: "I have been fairly tried and legally convicted—for the purposes of human justice I am guilty—but in the presence of these my fellow mortals, and in the presence of that God from whose eye no deed is hidden, and into whose ear no falsehood can enter, I do now as I have always done, most solemnly avow my innocence of the crime of which I stand convicted. My reliance is on Him, who is the justifier of the just, and the guardian of the innocent—on Him I rely for my safe deliverance from the ignominious death of the murderer." With these words he took his seat, and a moment of silence, still as the deadly night of the charnel house, pervaded the room. A cry of grief was heard in a moment afterwards, from a distant corner of the room. It grew more violent until it became necessary to remove the person from whom it proceeded from the court-room. A female in a deep swoon, unrecognized by any one, was carried through the crowd, and placed in an adjacent chamber, while assistance was sent for to revive her from her lifeless state. In the meantime the judge proceeded in his painful duty. The sentence was brief and solemn. The prisoner received it without betraying the slightest emotion, nor seemed to move either muscle or feature, until the last words fell upon his ear—"and may God have mercy on your soul." He raised his eyes to heaven on the enunciation of the prayer, and spoke from them, the strength of his support. The order was given to clear the court-room, and the assembled multitude dispersed, part speaking their still belief in his innocence, and some regarding his calmness as the assurance of the heartlessness of Cain.

In a little time the prisoner was removed from the dock, and under a guard of officers was on his way to the vehicle that was to convey him to the prison from whence it was ordered that he should never return with the spirit of life. As he passed through the hall [illegible] was heard, and immediately a frantic female rushed into the crowd, grasping at the prisoner, and exclaiming, "you cannot, you shall not take him yet." 'Twas the woman that had swooned away in the court room. The unhappy man turned around to behold the being who had thus unexpectedly involved herself in his wo, and in meeting her eye, beheld a sister. They had been separated for many years, and he had believed himself parted from her by the broad ocean, and had hoped that the tale of his suffering even had not, would not, reach her ears. She was with him, locked in his arms, and again helpless in the excitement of her feelings. He could withstand no longer the torrent of his anguish, and he and she were each carried away senseless from the spot of their unexpected meeting. I immediately gave directions to have the poor girl removed to a comfortable and convenient place of repose, where I could see her and administer to her necessities, and gain from her all the intelligence of her sudden presence.

A few days found her, under the care of good attendants, much revived from the shock which had seriously prostrated her. My most industrious and sagacious inquiry could elicit nothing, however, that in any degree explained the mystery of her sudden appearance, and her unexpected emigration. I at length suggested to her a visit to her brother, in his cell, at the prison. The practicability of this, which she had not hoped for, scarcely, in the deep dejection of her privation, seemed to inspire a new life and a new vigor to her mind. "Can I then see him, and speak with him again—alone too?" she soliloquized, and raising her arms toward me, seemed as if she would impress upon me with manual force the emphasis of her assurance, when she exclaimed, "he is then yet safe."

With the presence of the sheriff, the next day, I conducted the unhappy girl to the prison, and led her to the cell of her brother. She entered it with a light step, and in one bound, she entwined him in her arms again. But when she looked for the response to her embrace, and saw his helpless arms weighed down with the load of chains that fettered him, and his feet clasped in the iron bands that bound him to a block in the centre of the floor, her joy fell, and her heart sought the relief that is gained when

"From tender hearts
By strong impulses called, tears burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye."

They desired to be alone for a few moments, that they might converse without restraint. The request was granted to them, and they were left in close and eager discourse for some time. They were at length separated, and to our surprise, parted with a smile upon each others countenance, and an ordinary obeisance, as if they had separated, friend from friend, in the ordinary sociality of life.

To the sheriff in attendance, who had taken the liveliest interest in the fate of my client, as well as to myself, the occurrences of this visit opened new mysteries and new anxieties for the confidence of the convict.

But with all the regard that he professed for us, and all the reliance which he had already placed in me, our every effort proved abortive, by which we endeavored to raise the veil that the appearance and the intercourse of the sister had thrown around him. He was suddenly elevated by her presence, unexpected as it was, from dejection to cheerfulness, from complaint to perfect indifference and resignation. The time appointed by the executive of the commonwealth for his execution was fast drawing near. From months and weeks, we had already begun to count the days that intervened between his execution and the present. The pious Catholic friend, the priest, was called in, and having daily communion with the prisoner, had at length promised himself so much satisfaction in the result of his labors, as to administer the holy sacrament to him. Yet, there was no confession—no other asseveration but that of reiterated innocence. The sister remained in the same mysterious silence, and seemed to wait in patience the coming day of the brother's doom. A few days only now intervened for his destiny to reveal itself, and I sought the sister to entreat her to say, if aught she could, why there should be delay or mercy extended to the brother. She was still, and wrapt herself in the mystery of thoughtfulness that had made her impervious to all inquisition heretofore. At length I told her that the scaffold on which her brother was to hang, was already erected in the jail-yard—the rope was already prepared—the warrant had been read to him, and conjured her by these awful presages of his fate to reveal what she knew, that could avert his danger. This conjuration proved the test of the natural feelings of the heart, and after a moment's pause, she asked if it was yet in time to delay, at least, the execution, if the assurance of good reason therefore could be given. I informed her that it was, if the utmost promptitude was exercised. She then demanded who had the right to grant her the reprieve. I answered that it was the prerogative of the governor, who was at the seat of government, and volunteered myself to be the bearer and the advocate of her claims to the indulgence which she prayed. "Bear me to the governor so quickly

ly as possible," she replied, "and I myself will be the [illegible] and the advocate of my paper." Our arrangements were made for our departure the next morning, and the same evening we had an audience with the governor. After the statement of the [illegible] of the case, and all the circumstances which were in my possession, to avail the [illegible], I turned to the sister who sat beside me, and made known her relation to the subject of my application. She rose from her chair, and, advancing to the centre of the room where the governor [illegible] and gave her the chance of opportunity which her presence desired.

What took place at this interview was then a mystery to me, and I sought, but, nor felt an anxiety to inquire into it, so that it was efficient in the object for which it was granted. It soon proved so. The next day I was called upon by the secretary of the executive, with a reprieve of two weeks for my client.

Our immediate return to the city was requisite to make our reprieve available, and we lost not a moment in resuming our way homeward. The day before the contemplated execution, the reprieve was placed in the hands of the sheriff, and the sister again admitted to the cell, and to a private interview with the brother. After she had been engaged in converse for some time, I approached the cell, unconscious that she was there, and in my unexpected interruption, heard, as they hastily closed their conversation, the last words of the sister, "He will then be far on his way."

A new light seemed to burst upon me, and I detained the sister, while I called upon the gratitude of the brother, as a plea, if my unrewarded labor in his behalf constituted no assurance of the sincerity of my interest in him, whereupon I was entitled to a revelation of the mystery that daily separated me more and more from their confidence, and removed them farther and farther from my assistance. A period, just one week preceding the expiration of the reprieve, was fixed by them as the day on which I should be made acquainted with every secret in which they seemed so deeply isolated. This day, at length, arrived, and the following was the revelation given by both to me, as we were met, in the narrow and dim-lighted cell. The prisoner was as innocent and ignorant of the deed or the contemplation of it, as the infant that yielded its pure spirit yesterday to the author who gave it. The twin brother, who had been left in Ireland, and whose resemblance to the convict had, from infancy, baffled the scrutiny of the most intimate friends to distinguish between them, had perpetrated the foul and inhuman deed. The widow of the deceased, the principal witness in the prosecution, was early betrothed to him, and had promised him to America under the most solemn vows of constancy and fidelity to the pledge that mutually bound them together. He was delayed from various causes from his projected emigration, and for years had lost all tidings of his betrothed. He heard, at length, of her perfidy. She was the wife of another, had married the deceased, and was the parent of several children. By an unlucky and unholy prompting, he made the resolve to pursue her and despoil her of her perfidious happiness. His purpose was overheard by the sister, but it was understood too late to prevent its fatal execution. He had already embarked for America, and no hope was left for her to intervene between him and his design, but to pursue him as speedily as possible with the chance of overtaking him, before he had committed his dread device. She arrived here, after a long passage, just in time to receive the intelligence of her brother's arrest, and to discover in the court room, for the first time, the mistake of the law in the prosecution of its victim.

She had sought out the real offender, and had facilitated his escape to a neighboring port, on his return to the "old country" again.

Having assured herself of his departure, she now sought the interview with the brother in prison, which she obtained, and then and there, for the first time, revealed to him the mystery which had involved him in such fearful apprehensions. The injunction of the brother upon the sister, in this interview, was so noble a devotion of fraternal love, as the deeds of the sister were heroic evidences of the chivalry of woman. He bade her not to breathe the name of another than himself, as connected with the murder. "If I die his death," said he, "I go before my God with my soul pure from the foul stain of murder; if he is betrayed, he will be hurried on, without the time for repentance and ablution, to a premature and ignominious death. Let me suffer, rather than risk his capture." The solemn assurance of the woman of her knowledge of the guilt of another, and the innocence of her brother in confinement, of the crime alleged, produced such serious impression upon the mind of the governor, connected with the assurance of the production of witnesses to establish the fact, as to induce him to grant the reprieve. It remained now to disclose and to prove these facts. In the language of the devoted sister, the guilty one was now "far on his way," and the danger of his arrest was removed. The affidavit of the sister, with the other evidence which the publication of these facts elicited, was immediately secured.

The widow of the deceased was sought after, and when brought forward, acknowledged her perfidy to the man whom she had left with the firmest pledge of her heart's devotion, and joined in the belief, that was now on all hands adopted, of her deception in the person of the individual convicted. With such evidence, it need scarcely be added, the pardon of the convict was immediately obtained, and he again set at liberty.

## Colt's Confession.

The trial of Colt for the murder of Mr. Adams, which was to have begun in New York, on Monday last, has been postponed until the December term, on account of the absence of one of the prisoner's witnesses, now dangerously ill in this city.

We learn that Colt suffers little, comparatively little mental agony, and the terrors of conscience affect him little, if any. His brother, a lawyer of St. Louis, is in New York, and he, together with the one residing there, are the only persons permitted to visit him, except his counsel. To all he is said to be very communicative, except on the subject of the murder.

His own statement of this dreadful affair he has not been permitted to make on his public examinations. Such a statement has, however, been made to his friends, and we give it without comment.

"He states that Adams came to his rooms on the fatal afternoon to dun him for an unsettled account, about which there was some dispute. They both sat down at the table and settled the various items, except three dollars. About this a dispute arose between them, and high words ensued, during which Adams called him "a liar." Exasperated at this, he struck him, and a scuffle thereon ensued. Adams being the stronger man of the two, threw and fell upon Colt and clutched him so violently by the throat that he was in danger of choking. Colt was then lying upon his back on the floor, and as his hand was stretched out, it came in contact with something which he at once seized, (but, as he avers, he knew not what it was,) and finding Adams's grip still hard upon his throat, he brought his hand round and struck him on the back of the head; this, it would seem, was hardly sufficient to stun him, and he only rolled rather more on one side; Colt then struck him again, and the blow must have fallen on the side of the head. These wounds, dreadful as the subsequent examination proved them to be, were not sufficient to release the prisoner's throat; but even in the agony of death, Adams still continued to hold firmly on, until Colt seemed to be at his last gasp, and then the dreadful blow was given on the front of the head, which deprived one wretched being of life, and released the other from his grasp. Colt then arose, and found Adams a corpse.

For some time, he says, he remained stupified with dread and horror—he knew not what to do, and at length determined to make his brother acquainted with the facts; for this purpose he went to his lodgings, but he was not at home. He then went into the Park, and walked there for some time, being unable to make up his mind as to the best course to be pursued—he at one time thought to tell some friend, but knowing that some stains rested upon his character, he refrained, lest they should not believe his story, and so deliver him up to justice. After traversing the Park for many and many a time, he at length returned to his rooms and took the dreadful means, with which the public are already acquainted, to conceal the awful deed.

We offer no remarks on the above statement. The story is a plausible, and a probable one; the wounds on the head of the deceased, might have been given in the manner described. There are, however, no witnesses of the dreadful tragedy—to God and to himself the secret alone is known."

The above statement was originally made by the New York Express, and, as will be seen, purported to come from Colt himself. We doubt, however, its authenticity, for it seems that he has had no communication, in relation to the crime with which he is charged, with either of his relatives, the only persons permitted to visit him.

## Steam on Canals.

An attempt is now being made to introduce steam upon the Schuylkill canal. Mr. Copeland has just built and launched a boat at Pottsville, which he intends shall supersede horses in towing. Some experiments were made last week, and she is expected to run at the rate of six miles, without materially disturbing the water or washing the banks of the canal. The boat on Saturday was taking in a cargo of coal. She may be expected down the canal daily. If the experiment succeeds, it will be indeed a "New Era" in canal navigation.


# SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1841.


## Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

*A word to those still in arrears.* We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unencumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Samuel Arnold, now of Smith County, Tennessee, is not now, nor has he ever been, an agent of the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, consequently his receipts are not valid. We gave a similar notice in November, 1839.

## Our Third Year, and the 21st Volume.

With the present number of the Post, we commence the third volume, under our auspices, and the twenty-second year since the establishment of the Saturday Evening Post. Of the stability of the paper, it is needless to speak. Where is there a family newspaper in the country, that can boast of the same prosperity and age? We believe we stand alone, and have fully solved the problem, whether in newspapers, as in other things, there may change, and the paper of today give place to the vigorous young rival of to-morrow. It is now conceded, that the success or failure of periodicals depends upon the conductors. If they are sluggish and inert, the works they control or conduct, must give place to the industry, enterprise and sagacity of those, who outstrip them.

We swear with hearty satisfaction and with no desire to be egotistical, to the triumphant success of the Saturday Evening Post. It came into our hands when a swarm of rivals had started in the field, with every disposition to push the old establishment to the wall, and by energy and enterprise, to throw them far in the rear. Our plans were laid at once. We resolved not only, not to be thrown into the shade, but to eclipse our competitors in our literary matter, typography and paper. Accordingly we made arrangements for a choice supply of articles from popular pens, and set our faces at once, against the republishing of every thing foreign, no matter how trashy, to the exclusion of native writers. We, therefore, commenced our popular series of

### Original American Tales.

Success instantly crowned our efforts, and we found that every reader could distinguish between the mere *clippings* of second rate, and second hand stories from the columns of country newspapers, and the outlay of capital requisite to *purchase* from the very best American writers the choicest effusions of their pens. The beauty of our typography, too, soon became noted, and it was apparent that the profits accruing, were not hoarded with a niggardly spirit, but that new fonts of type were procured in rapid succession, before any but the practised eye of a printer could detect that the letter was worn. In fact within the last year we have purchased

### Several Fonts of New Type,

and are even now, having prepared for us by Johnson & Smith, a font of beautiful letter, which will be introduced the instant the present font in the slightest degree gives way. The great edition now issued of the Saturday Evening Post, which keeps a napier press going most of the week, makes sad havoc with type. But our subscribers manage to make their remittances keep pace with all the harm we do to our letter, so that we cheerfully submit.

In May last, we found that the profits of the paper would enable us to surprise our contemporaries of the East, who were making rather a noise about their *three dollar mammoth papers,* as we added *nearly one-fourth more* to the size of the Post, and issued the

### Largest Weekly in Philadelphia,

and one containing as much reading matter as the boasted mammoth papers, and far more *original articles,* at *one-third less cost,* i. e. *two* dollars instead of *three.* The result has been a weekly *increase* of about three hundred new subscribers per week, since the first of May last. A number far more than sufficient to pay for all increase of expenditures, and placing "The Old Post" at the very head of the newspapers of the day.

Our readers will very naturally inquire whether we expect to do any thing more, or whether we think that "improvement can go no farther." We answer—that we shall maintain our position and shall keep the lead—shall supply the very best article, in the way of paper that can be procured—shall increase the number of our original stories, varying them occasionally with essays on different subjects, and mingling the grave and gay rather more freely, perhaps, than we have heretofore done. We shall not entrench, however, upon the corner devoted to original American stories. That is sacredly devoted to the ladies. But we shall steal a column or two from our ample pages, for the more serious and aged, keeping up with the improvement of the age, in the character of our literary matter, as well as in the style of the paper we issue. A stricter eye shall be kept to the Ladies and Juvenile departments, while we shall not forget our good friends the Farmers, or those who love a good joke in the first column of the Olio. Our news department, both foreign and domestic, may always be relied upon, as we shall suffer nothing of moment to pass without notice, while the prices of stocks, the markets, etc. shall be faithfully recorded—not forgetting the marriages of—we hope—many fair readers of the Post. In short, we shall issue as interesting a sheet as we have for months past, and *as much better as increased capital, industry, and enterprise can make it.*

## Large and Small Banks.

Those who inhabit large cities, and have a turn for observation, will often be amused at the contrariety of opinion which the same men entertain at different periods. There is a class who always live in extremes, and such persons are generally the first to change. Their lives are full of antithesis. They are as variable as an April sky, a changing silk, or the Chameleon itself. One while they uphold one course—another while they denounce it,—and usually they are loudest in condemning whomever has been so unfortunate as to win their praise. Always judging hastily, and in general from prejudice, they are forever startling cooler heads by the extravagance of their conduct, embracing that to-day in a frenzy which to-morrow they will hunt to the death with the bitterness of a persecutor.

No one has examined the career of the United States Bank, the North American Trust Company, or any of the large banking institutions that have of late exploded, without meeting, in the conduct of the former advocates of those establishments, with numerous examples of the virulence with which old supporters pursue an unfortunate bank. No persons are now louder in condemning those institutions than the men who once extolled them to the skies. Every epithet the language affords, and every argument that ingenuity sharpened by losses can adduce, is made use of to cry down these exploded banks, and explain the causes of their ruin. But too often, heated by their new enmity, these philosophers go wide of the mark. Their anger blinds them to the real cause of their losses; and generally they charge that to villainy which is attributable to their own carelessness, to unforeseen accidents, or to the nature of things. Without entering into a prolonged discussion of the question, we may suggest one reason for the bankruptcy of these institutions which has hitherto been overlooked, but which, to our own mind, is not the less weighty.

We have long been convinced that the chartering of Banks with large capitals was of far less utility than the chartering of Banks with small capitals; and that, in these overgrown establishments the chances of mismanagement increased in a geometrical ratio with the capital. Where a Bank has a capital of but one or two hundred thousand dollars it is rarely that the stock finds purchasers out of the immediate vicinity where the institution is placed. It is a local affair altogether. It is like a man living in a village—everybody knows all about it. The stockholders are generally inhabitants of the place, men in active business, or individuals desirous of investing money immediately under their own eye. The directors of such institutions are therefore usually chosen by the stockholders in person; for proxies diminish in a ratio proportioned to the diminution of capital. Indeed such banks are but special partnerships of a peculiar character. No moneyed institutions are conducted more immediately by the stockholders. Such banks, moreover, rarely enter into large speculations, but confine their operations to the legitimate purposes of their creation. They pay no expensive salaries; they countenance no extravagance; they never, to use a common phrase, get above their business. They go on in a good, quiet, old-fashioned way, making no very great show to be sure, but, what is better, slowly accumulating an honest dividend. Their officers, too, are kept dependent on the stockholders,—they are, moreover, acquainted with most of the owners, and accordingly their sense of personal responsibility is usually kept alive. Thus every thing is conducted on the best footing. The consequences are self evident. Prosperity is showered on such banks. We venture to say that the smaller banks of this State will be found, on examination, to be in the most healthy condition, and we know that the lighter institutions of this city were fairly, and we believe are now, on a better footing than their heavier neighbors. But the banking system of Rhode Island is the best commentary on our views. There all the banks are small, and though their name is "legion," and the capital invested in them out of all proportion, considering the size of the State, to that invested in Pennsylvania, yet, not only are the Rhode Island Banks sounder than our own, but, for that matter, the best in the Union.

Large banks do business on a different basis. They go to work with such a vast idea of their power that they generally overrate even their enormous strength. Beginning with doing wonders, they end by accomplishing nothing. Take the United States Bank for instance. Her enormous capital is sunk in a thousand abortive schemes—sunk deeper and more irretrievably than the riches of the Spanish Armada. The catalogue of bankrupt institutions whose stocks she purchased to give them a start in the market, is almost as long as the list of those who died at Waterloo. A hundred shares here, a thousand shares there, a loan in this bank and a deficit in that railroad have swallowed up the resources of one of the strongest institutions that ever acted on the currency of a people. Like a giant she has gone down—but like a giant her fall has shaken the nations.

There is another practical error in large institutions. The stock is usually owned by distant stockholders—men, we mean, who do not vote personally for directors—and in consequence the proxies held by the officers can always turn the scales. Besides, the sense of personal responsibility is diminished wonderfully in these overgrown establishments. The stockholders, instead of being, in the officers' eyes, real flesh and blood beings, perhaps their next door neighbors dwindle down into unsubstantial personages known only by name, and residing in another state, across the water, or no one knows where. Depend upon it, a princely loan to a friend, a careless management, or a daring speculation in finance is much more apt to be the deed of such officers than of the directors or President of a smaller and purely local institution.

So long as the officers remain directly under the eyes of the stockholders, so long are the chances in favor of a discreet management of the institution—but when this check is removed, and the temptations of the situation are left free to work their will, we tremble for poor human nature. In large banks this check, from the very nature of things, is most likely to be removed the easiest. The history of our banking institutions shows that the [illegible] have always [illegible]. Where is the United States Bank?—where is the North American Trust Company? What is the relative condition of our larger and smaller city banks? We do not say that, *in every instance,* our theory will stand the test of example; for, as the lawyers say, *exceptio probat regulam,* the exception proves the rule; yet we do say that in the nature of things, small banks are less liable to mismanagement than large ones, and that generally such institutions throughout the country have proved the best for investments.

## Rhode Island Constitution.

We gave, a fortnight since, a synopsis of the constitution adopted by the Rhode Island Suffrage Convention, concluding with a statement that the Convention was unauthorized, and a query how it intended to carry the new frame of government into operation. As the history of the Convention in question is a singular one, we shall devote a short space this week to its elucidation.

The little State of Rhode Island is the only one of the original confederacy which has never adopted a Constitution, but to this day she is governed according to the provisions of an old charter granted her by Charles the Second, by the grace of God—to use the phraseology—King of Great Britain, Ireland and France, defender of the faith. Freeholders only can vote. The number of members for the Legislature is apportioned to the several towns. As this apportionment was made in the early days of the colony, and based on the relative size of the towns at that period, it is not surprising that the greatest disparity should now exist between the ratio of representation, and that a system should have grown up not a little resembling the old rotten borough one of England. As old Sarum was, in the days of Magna Charta, a considerable town, so many of the present paltry villages of Rhode Island were once comparatively important; and as Birmingham and Liverpool were scarcely known in the days of the Mortmain, so several boroughs, formerly of little note in Rhode Island, have grown up into cities. Yet—strange to say—no reform has been made in the representation, so that now in some cases a few rickety houses elect as many Assemblymen as a thriving population. Thus Portsmouth with *two thousand* inhabitants has four representatives, the same number as Providence with *twenty-four thousand* inhabitants; while Newport with a population of *twelve thousand,* is entitled to six members. We might adduce other instances, but these will answer our purpose. They show a state of affairs in one of our most flourishing [illegible] which will surprise many of our readers.

It is this very disparity in the representation, however, which has kept Rhode Island so far behind the age as to continue satisfied for her form of government to a kingly charter; for the towns, which, in the old times, were the most flourishing and consequently elected the greatest number of Assemblymen, still possessing their old ratio of representation are always in the majority in the legislature, and are consequently enabled to vote down any proposition whose object may be to destroy their ascendency by equalizing the representation. For instance, Newport is unwilling to part with her six representatives even to Providence, while Portsmouth has little notion of descending from the equal in political power to the subsidiary of the latter city. For a series of years, therefore, every attempt to pass an Act for a Convention to form a Constitution was defeated, until finally a sense of justice triumphed over interest, and the old towns granted to the new ones what the latter could not legally take. A Convention was authorized to be called, but that body has not yet met.

Meanwhile a party was growing up in Rhode Island, which had for its object, a reform not only in the representative system, but in the qualification for electors—an extension in fact of the right of suffrage to all male white citizens of lawful age, who had resided one year in the state, and three months in the township in which he should offer to vote. When, therefore, the legislature, in authorizing a Convention, stipulated that only freeholders as before should vote for delegates, the advocates of the universal suffrage, thinking that a body thus elected would not advance their ends, determined on having a Convention of their own, and accordingly a body was chosen in an unauthorized manner, but much as the provincial assemblies were elected in the days preceding the revolution. Accordingly the friends of universal suffrage met together in the different towns and chose delegates who have since passed the constitution of which we gave a hasty synopsis. This new form of government is to be submitted, we believe, to the people on the first Wednesday of April next. Should it be adopted by the friends of universal suffrage, there will be two governors, two legislatures, and two sets of judges and tax-gatherers, and unless one party yields, a collision will be the consequence.

The whole matter is curious. It will puzzle politicians not a little. Meanwhile without giving an opinion as to which party is in the right, we cannot but remark that the movements of the friends of universal suffrage are revolutionary—we use the term in its mildest sense, and not as one of reproach—and that every court of law in the country would unite in pronouncing their conduct illegal. What view Congress might take of the matter if it should happen in the event of a collision to be brought before that body is a different question; but that the acts of the officers elected under the free suffrage constitution would be pronounced illegal by any court of competent jurisdiction, we do not hesitate to affirm. And if the two constitutions should ever go into operation, there will be no want of cases arising every day to be decided. For instance a friend of the universal suffrage may refuse to pay taxes levied by the legislature chosen under the old charter, his goods consequently will be distrained; when, *as a matter of necessity,* the courts of law must decide against him. On the other hand, if a freeholder should be arrested by an officer acting under the free suffrage government, there is no doubt but that an action, and a successful one too, would lie against the officer for damages.

The difficulty, however, would, and in the event of a collision—will, no doubt, be brought to an issue by a contest betwixt the two governors, for that a *mandamus* would lie against any executive chosen under the free suffrage constitution, is, we think, pretty evident. That the court *must* decide against the governor thus elected, is equally plain. Indeed the whole argument may be put into a nut shell. And to go at once to the head of the matter, if the election of delegates to the free-suffrage convention was not authorized by the legislature of Rhode Island, every thing done by that convention must be illegal, and consequently the constitution projected must be illegal, and the officers elected under that constitution must in acting as trespassers. Not even a majority of the people of Rhode Island could give validity to such a constitution whose inception was illegal. If the act is illegal it matters not how few or how many engage in it. If it was wrong in its beginning no subsequent act could make it valid. The only doubt which can arise will be whether a clear majority of the free male citizens may not, by ratifying this constitution, give legality to its provisions; but we incline to think that, as none but freeholders can legally vote at present, they only can legally change the form of government.

We do not, however, anticipate that the two parties will come into open collision, believing as we do that the convention authorized by the legislature will [illegible] the difficulty, by agreeing to a constitution [illegible] whose provisions both parties can unite.

## Later from China.

By the arrival of the ship [illegible], Capt. Lovett, at New York on Tuesday last, we have [illegible] later intelligence from Canton. The papers contain no news that we have not had already, but they contain a number of items which are somewhat interesting.

The English at Macao do not seem to have been [illegible] of the appointment of Sir Henry Pottinger, as Plenipotentiary, for his talents is not at all appreciated. Advices from Calcutta to the 20th of April had been received. Great preparations were going on there for a second expedition against China, among which are mentioned the purchase of a steamer, and the presence of two others, supposed to be destined for China.

One American, named Sherry, son of Captain David Sherry, of this city, had been killed by the Chinese, and a Mr. Miller nearly so.

Olyphant & Co. had lost nearly all their books.

Mr. Coolidge, who had been seized and taken to Canton, had been released.

There were two American ships at Whampoa, the Morrison discharging, and the Ann McKinnon at Macao, the Barbara, and two at Hong Kong—the America and James Perkins.

We learn verbally that plenty of teas were engaged for the ship, but the great difficulty was to get them on board in consequence of the fire rafts, &c.

The Canton Press complains bitterly of the convention, as too favorable to the Chinese, and tending only to prolong the war, &c.

The Register is even more severe than the Press—utterly denouncing the honesty as well as the policy of Captain Elliot throughout, and concluding with the remark that the retirement of the British forces is nothing better than a disgraceful defeat.

The Register says in one of its articles: "We think the armistice and ransom alike impolitic; they exhibit the English nation as making war like Buccaneers."

The spirit which animates the Chinese people may be guessed at from the following paragraph, which we find in the Register of June 8.

We have been told that owing to some irregularities committed by the troops, the villagers round Canton, to the number of some thousands, attacked the 37th M. N. I. on the 30th ult. and other parts of the force on the 1st inst.

It is said that they behaved with astonishing daring; that they rushed on the squares of the 37th and speared the soldiers in their ranks, while some of them were bayonetted. One Chinese snatched a musket out of a sipahi's hands, fired at and wounded an officer of the 37th.

A letter of June 15th, from a respectable Canton firm to a commercial house in this city, dated Macao, June 15th, says:—

"A private circular to the British merchants has just been issued by Captain Elliot, which advises them to get their ships out of port as soon as possible, in the best way they can, as it is intended to blockade the port of Canton immediately. We have only time to make this announcement, the Huntress having her despatches two or three hours since."

The British troops and ships had all left Canton and retired to Hong Kong, except the Herald and Calliope, which were lying at Whampoa.

The sale of lots at Hong Kong was advertised for the 12th of June; but the Canton Press seems to think that purchasers would not be very eager.

## Horrible Outrage.

Some Texas marauders lately crossed over the line into Louisiana, and took forcible possession of a citizen in the parish of Caddo. After they had carried him into the territory of Texas, it was proposed to bury him alive. With this intention, a grave was then dug—the unfortunate man being a witness to their movements. He stood helpless, counting each shovel-full of earth, as the quick termination of his life, surrounded by a gang of desperadoes, ready to crush him beneath the clod, and from whose sentence, escape was death. Overpowered with the frightful fate before him, he bounded from his keepers, and rushed into an adjacent thicket; but before his steps had measured many paces over the earth, a heavy volley of musketry brought him to the ground, and there he lay a lifeless corpse, a victim to the insecurity of our border protection. His body, after being cut up, was hung upon the branches of the neighboring trees, there to meet the gaze of the traveller, and to tell him of a power that knows nothing of the bounds of law, or of human authority; but, like the howling beasts of the wilderness, would snap the fragile cords of life if interest once stirred up the fatal ire of their wrath, upon him whose voice dare rise against their iniquities. The deceased man, whose name was Boatright, had thus offended them: he had, with others of his fellow citizens, declared himself openly to be opposed to them; and, as might have been expected in a country like ours, where, from the sparseness of frontier population, the avenues to the wrath of banditti, are wide open, the unfortunate man had to forfeit his life as a ransom for his alienation to their authority. The citizens of our border country have witnessed these men, under the name of Regulators and Moderators, committing in the territory of Texas, some of the most barbarous cruelties of the 19th century.

The country on our border towards the 33d degree of latitude, is the principal scene of action; and it is but a few years ago that an American, who had shipped from New Orleans to one of their towns a large assortment of groceries and dry goods, was routed out, and his goods forcibly taken by the gang. Nothing was ever done about it, and the act is now almost forgotten. A while ago, one of the captains of the Regulators, and a man that was with him, were shot, in a small village of the name of Logansport. The captain and the person with him had not long been gone from the store where they had been making purchases, when a discharge of muskets was heard by the storekeeper. He rushed out, and soon discovered the two bodies lying on the ground; there was no one near, and he was left to conjecture the cause of their death. Examining minutely the place around, it was not long before he discovered on the earth, beneath two fallen trees, the impress of five or six men; and it thus appears that these two men had been shot down without quarrel or fight, without intimation, and with the most cool determination. In view of their enormities, we cannot wonder why Boatright, or any other American citizen, should have expressed their dissatisfaction. But we shall not seek argument to prove what the bare facts evince; and we call upon the friends of this man and the citizens generally, to bring this act before their government, and let it claim their attention. The subject is one certainly that ought to demand the highest consideration.

## The Milk Sickness.

This disorder of the West, which has for a long time, been so fatal, has lately engrossed the attention of Dr. Sexton of Kentucky, who, in a treatise he has published, attempts to prove that the malady is produced from arsenical pyrites. We are inclined to think his theory correct, from the fact, that after scanning with great anxiety for the poison among the grasses of the region most infected, the investigating botanist has not been able to discover the cause in the vegetable family. The first impression that strikes the mind, is that the secret poison lurks among the plants. But that opinion will, we think, have to be abandoned. As to its mineral origin we may be permitted to add, in support of Dr. Sexton's theory, that about ten years ago, a gentleman who had graduated in medicine, asked Gen. Standifer, then a member of Congress, from Tennessee, to what cause he attributed the milk sickness of certain parts of the Western country. He said he was confident that it was not a vegetable that produced the disease. He added that he had a long time been satisfied that it was from a mineral poison. That he believed it from the fact, that the disease prevailed most, when the *springs were low,* and when, as supposed, the poison (perhaps arsenic,) was strong in the waters, that the cattle had to drink. That most commonly, the effects of the disease were not seen; but then the creeks and water courses being well filled with water, the poison was of course too much diluted, to produce an alarming effect upon cattle. The subject, however, is one which will yet bear examination—could not some of our scientific correspondents in the West, throw light on the subject? For a long time it has been thought the disease was imbibed from the grasses. Cannot more facts be adduced to show the contrary?

## A Swindler.

The Pittsburg papers are out on one James Warren Marry, of Boston, who has been managing to swindle the boarding houses and printers of that place, of about $700. The incidents in James' eventful history are thus briefly detailed. For some time after his arrival from Boston, he kept within compass; hired himself to three different persons as a manufacturer of pocket books and a bookbinder, was discharged, or want of industry and a good knowledge of the business; began to study law and live on his wits; joined the Episcopal church and taught a Sabbath school; strove to connect himself with an amiable family who had lost one daughter; was prohibited and discharged; borrowed money; undertook to teach young men to take Daguerreotype likenesses, borrowed forty dollars and the glasses, and cheated all; was turned out of the first law office and got into another for a few days; collected fifty dollars of his new friend and absconded.

## A Catholic Ticket.

The question of the distribution of the Common School Fund, which has been agitated for some time by the Catholics of New York, is destined, from present appearances, to have no little influence on the coming election in that city. The present school system in New York provides for the education of youth without regard to sect. The Catholics, however, contend they cannot conscientiously send their children to such academies, and that, as they form a part of the tax-paying community, they ought to have a suitable proportion of the school fund given into their hands to conduct schools according to their religious views. Several attempts have been made by the Catholics to gain this end; but every tribunal hitherto has decided against them. Meantime Gov. Seward has officially seconded their views. They now contemplate forming a Catholic ticket to the Legislature. The question, though at first religiously sectarian in its character, is now assuming a political aspect, as it is through the Legislature that any alteration in the organization of the school system can be hoped to be produced. Each political party has kept aloof from identifying itself with the Catholic party, probably afraid to risk its own popularity, as it is evident the Catholic party, from having been unable to accomplish its object, is yet in a minority. A political meeting of Catholics was held on Friday evening week, and after an address from Bishop Hughes, a ticket for the Assembly was formed, pledged to a distribution of the school fund among religionists as such. The result was, the nomination of one of the pre-existing tickets, (the democratic,) except five names, for which others were substituted, and the presentation of a ticket of men all believed to be pledged to sustain the Catholic claims.

The Democrats have, however, published a card in the afternoon papers of Saturday week, rejecting the nomination at Carroll Hall, and declaring that they are not pledged to a division of the school fund. The subject is exciting much feeling in that city. The press, generally, protest against any marshalling of political parties under religious banners—even those which defended the distribution asked for.

At the meeting on Friday evening week, when Bishop Hughes addressed the Catholics and read the ticket, the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Several times during the Bishop's address the cheering interrupted him for several minutes.

Bishop Hughes has published a card denying that his conduct at Carroll Hall was an interference in politics. We confess, like the rest of the press, we cannot see the grounds for this opinion of the Bishop. It is proper to state that even the Catholics of New York do not go in a body with the Bishop, and that here and elsewhere his conduct in this matter is generally disapproved.

## Tight Lacing.

A world of eloquence has been expended on this subject, yet with but little apparent success. The ladies are not to be argued out of the privilege of deforming their figures in the most fashionable manner. They stand up for the old verse

"If she will she will,
If she wont she wont,
And there's an end on't."

The following sensible remarks on this matter, are from the Polytechnic Journal. We fully endorse them. Indeed we venture to assert that no figure can be made permanently beautiful by tight lacing, and that that shape generally turns out the most graceful which is left to grow up to womanhood without constraint. Exercise and freedom are the best *modistes* after all. But to the extract.

"All the world has agreed," says the journal, "to recognize the Medicean Venus as the unity of every perfection in the female form. Casts from this beautiful statue are numerous in this country. Let one of these be placed in the establishment of a modiste, and by its side a lay figure, such as is used by artists, having the ribs of that form which tight stays are sure to produce. Let every kind of corset and dress be adjusted to these two figures, from the most outrageous violations of propriety to the nicest results of modern skill, and, in spite of every effort to the contrary, the figure according to nature shall be in every respect superior to the figure according to art, even in that particular point—a taper waist—to gain which constricting corsets have needlessly been applied. In a word, there is no style of dress, having for its grand object the appearance of a slim waist, which is not more easily and with much greater effect adapted to the perfect figure than the other. Could the conviction of this fact be brought home to the understandings of the female part of the creation, the average mortality of the sex would be less than it is at present, and their personal comforts and health much greater. Moreover, they would be finer figures, even according to their own notions of beauty of form; and this, we fear, is, and always will be, the greatest consideration, after all."

## No Governor Chosen.

The commonwealth of New Jersey is just now in a quandary, being without a governor. The difficulty arose from a tie in the council, and the efforts of each party to outgeneral the other. On Thursday Governor Pennington took his seat in Council as the presiding officer, and it was expected that the resolution of the House to go into joint meeting would be passed. Mr. Scott, elected as a Whig Councillor from Somerset county, objected to the right of the Governor to preside over the Council, and thus be enabled to give a casting vote, and declared that he (Mr. Scott) should vote upon no motion other than on one to adjourn. A motion to adjourn until Friday was then made, put, and carried, 10 to 8, Mr. Scott voting in the affirmative. The Governor, in his reply to Mr. Scott, referred to the minutes of the previous meeting, which showed that he was elected and sworn into office on the 30th day of October, 1840, and claimed the right therefore to exercise his office until the 30th of October should arrive.

We learn from the Newark Advertiser of Saturday evening, that the Legislature adjourned on Friday till Monday, without having appointed a Governor. Governor Pennington's term expired on Saturday, and the general functions of the office, therefore, devolve upon the Vice President, who is of the democratic party. The Court of Errors, composed of the Governor and Council, is required to meet on Tuesday, and much important business awaits its action. The Vice President, it is said, cannot preside in that Court, and consequently the term must be lost.

Our sister State is, therefore, without a Governor. So much for the practice of electing that officer by a council, instead of directly by the people.

On Tuesday, however, the legislature met and went into joint meeting, when Governor Pennington (Whig) was elected over Peter D. Vroom (Opposition) by the following vote:

| | |
|---|---|
| William Pennington, | 44 |
| Peter D. Vroom, | 30 |
| Whig majority, | 14 |

So the State Government of New Jersey is organized.

## Encounter with a Boa Constrictor.

In the Surrey Zoological Gardens are several serpents, among which is an enormous boa, measuring upwards of twenty feet in length, and weighing more than two cwt. It is usual for the keepers to bathe them occasionally, and by every means to endeavor to tame them, and from time to time it is no uncommon thing for one of the men in the habit of so doing to go into their room, or cage, and clean it, whilst two large constrictors lie coiled up in a corner. Their food—live rabbits—is put in their rooms by a sliding panel, which one of the keepers named Blackburn was in the act of doing, when the enormous boa sprung at him, and seized him by the arm. The man leaped backwards, and drew the serpent partly out of the cage, which immediately spun round him like a windlass, and made one coil. Had he effected another, Blackburn would have been inevitably killed, and perhaps partly swallowed before it was discovered, he being at the time alone, and without any one immediately near him; but by pressing the throat of the powerful creature, and by more than usual strength, he was preserved. Having shut the slide, on reaching the other keepers, from the conflict in which he had been engaged, the poor fellow fainted; and on being taken home, was found to be very much discolored from the powerful pressure of his terrible antagonist. The same constrictor, in full action, would squeeze a buffalo into a shapeless mass, and swallow it most easily. The keeper, however, is now doing well.

If men would only be determined to overcome a difficulty, they would find it half performed before they thought that they had commenced; it is the want of exertion, and not ability, that makes so many men unsuccessful.

## Our Commerce.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of our commercial relations for the last year or two, it is consolatory to know, that there has been a manifest improvement in the commerce of our port. The coast-wise has upon the whole been good, and the foreign may be judged of from the fact, that the duties paid or secured at the Custom House for the first three quarters of the present year, exceed the amount so paid or secured during the whole of last year, (1840.)

## Unfortunate.

The second iron shaft wrought for the Steam Frigate Mississippi is detained at the Iron Works, in consequence of the impassable state of the Canal, caused by the sinking of a boat. The steamer has already been detained a month by the loss of the first shaft, and it will require six or eight weeks to prepare and set the second after its arrival at our Navy Yard.

## "The Screwbolt Gang" Broken Up.

A trial of more than ordinary interest has just been completed in Baltimore. It is that of a gang of rowdies known as the screwbolt or swingletree gang. They are a notorious set, and their outrages in that city have been frequently recorded. The last act of theirs was the murder of an individual named John Bighem, who was killed in a quarrel which the gang originated. Seven of their number were indicted and tried, five of them, named Griffin, Connor, Hanna and Koenig, were found guilty of murder in the second degree, Mitchell and Gates were declared not guilty by the State. The first convicted are old offenders against the laws. Two of them, Connor and Hanna, were convicted between two and three years ago of a deadly riot in Baltimore city, and sentenced by Anne Arundel County Court, to which they had their case removed, to two years imprisonment in the Penitentiary; this sentence was commuted by the Governor to confinement in the jail for one year, an instance of Executive clemency, the propriety of which their subsequent acts may well call in question.

The Grand Jury returned true bills against them. They were tried, and as we before stated, were convicted. On Tuesday the four individuals convicted were brought up, and sentenced each to confinement in the Maryland State Penitentiary until the 30th of August, 1850, making seventeen years and ten months, wanting three days, a sentence that meets the approbation of the whole community.

## Population of Philadelphia.

The following is the official report of the population of the city and suburbs.

| | |
|---|---|
| White males, | 111,967 |
| White females, | 126,317 |
| Colored males, | 8,316 |
| Colored females, | 11,515 |
| Slaves | 2 |
| Aggregate, | 258,037 |

The city, for example, contains a total population of 93,665—Southwark 27,548,—Northern Liberties, 34,474—Spring Garden, 27,849—Kensington, 22,314—Moyamensing, 14,573. The remainder is divided among the smaller and less important districts. By the way, we may state here, that a project is on foot at the present time to extend the limits of the city very considerably.

## Electro-Magnetic Locomotive.

The following annunciation of a vast improvement by a new modification of mechanical power, will attract public attention generally. It is translated from the Echo du Monde for the National Intelligencer:—

A letter has been received at Leipsig, dated 23d July, stating that Mr. Lewis Gabriel Stocher, a mechanician of that city, has just finished an Electro-Magnetic Locomotive, the greatest part of which is constructed after Mr. Wagner's plan, and which has been purchased by the Germanic Diet. This locomotive is of seven horse power, and will draw three cars full of passengers. It costs about $1,000, instead of $7,500, the cost of a common steam locomotive; the supply for it amounts to not more than 60 cents per day.

The experiments which have been made with Mr. Stocher's locomotive on the railroad between Leipsig and Dresden left nothing to be desired.

## Capital Punishment.

A recent action, by the Legislature of Connecticut, has probably abolished Capital Punishment in that State as effectually as if a clause to that effect had been inserted in the Constitution.

Some time since, a man named Burke was found guilty of murdering his wife; and we learn from the New Haven Herald, that there was no mitigating circumstances in his case; but on application to the Legislature, that body commuted his punishment to imprisonment for life. There is now another criminal under sentence of death for the same horrible crime. And as the time for executing that sentence is in July next, it follows, of course, that application will be made to the Legislature of the State to deal with him as they did with Burke: and there appears to be no doubt that the petition will be granted.

## Latest from Buenos Ayres.

Advices to the 16th of September have been received at Salem from Buenos Ayres; the scarlatina was prevailing extensively at Buenos Ayres, carrying off from 40 to 50 daily. There were some affected by it in almost every family. Owing to the dryness of the season, moreover there having been no rain for three or four months, the cattle were suffering dreadfully, and dying off by thousands. The state of commercial affairs were about the same as when the blockade was raised. Very little produce was brought into the market, most of the laboring class being employed in carrying on the war. Commodore Brown's fleet lay at anchor off the port; there was much sickness on board his vessels, and none of them were fit for action. Coe's fleet—the Montevidean—was lying at anchor about 30 miles to the eastward of Point Indio.

## Presentation of a Medal.

We are informed, says the Boston Daily Mail, that the Boston Humane Society have presented to Charles Weston, Esq. midshipman on board the United States ship Columbus, a silver medal, for his brave and generous conduct, in saving a woman from drowning in Boston harbor, on the night of September 5th. The circumstances will probably be recollected by the reader. The following is the inscription upon the medal:

On one side—"The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Charles Weston, Esq. of the U. S. Ship Columbus."

On the other side—"In testimony of their approbation of his exertions, whereby the life of a woman was preserved when in imminent danger of drowning, in Boston Harbor, on the night of September 5th, 1841."

## Wonderful Escape.

On Monday afternoon four men were precipitated from the upper stories of the two new brick buildings in Charlotte street, above George, which entirely fell to the cellar, and completely buried them under the bricks and timber. It being about time to quit work, there was plenty of assistance at hand, who made active exertions to extricate the unfortunate men from their perilous situation. One by one was taken from the ruins in an almost lifeless condition. They were severally prescribed for and waited on by Doctor Charles B. Roberts until they were so far recovered as to be removed to their respective homes. Two of them were unmarried white men; the others were colored, with families.

## The Boston Hoax Explained.

The story which appeared in the Boston papers, that McLeod was a passenger in the last steamship, accompanied by Helen Morrison in disguise, it is stated originated in the fun of some British officers. The two persons thus described were a bearer of despatches from Kingston, U. C. who accompanied to England a girl called Miss Jane, a favorite of the late Lord Sydenham. The parties themselves, it is said, encouraged and laughed at the success of the hoax.

McLeod is in Canada, where he figures as a lion.

## An Important Suit.

There is a suit pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, to try the title of the Proprietors of East New Jersey, to the lands covered by water, in that State. The Proprietors claim to have the right of soil, in all the navigable rivers, and in the bays and arms of the sea. It is a case which reaches the oyster grounds, fisheries, and the power to build wharves and docks. This cause is of the first importance to the people of the State, and the Governor recommends the resisting of the claim in every legal and constitutional manner.

## Coal Fields in Wales.

We have heard it said, the coal fields in Wales extend over 1200 square miles. There are 23 beds of workable coal, having an average thickness of 95 feet. An English writer says that each acre will yield 100,000 being at the rate of sixty-five millions of tons per mile. Deducting say one-half for waste, over estimate, &c., there will remain thirty-two millions of tons per mile. At this rate there is coal enough to supply all England for 2000 years after the English mines are exhausted.

## From Canada.

We learn from the Quebec Gazette, that a Steamship of war, the Styx, is expected at Halifax, with the new Governor General, Sir Charles Bagot. He was to leave England about the 10th of October.

Sir Richard Jackson was to leave Kingston on Friday last, to meet the new Governor General at Quebec, and the members of the Executive Council were to follow on Saturday.

## Accidents from Gunpowder.

Accidents from gunpowder appear to be more numerous and fatal than ever this season. The death of Mrs. Childs, in Walnut street, on Saturday, was occasioned by powder being exposed in the vicinity of loco foco matches. Upon igniting one, the powder exploded, and she was burnt so horribly that she survived only a few hours.

## Game.

We are sorry to learn that the partridges are very scarce indeed this fall, in Pennsylvania and Delaware, owing, we presume, to the very wet weather about hatching time. Sportsmen tell us that in beating a field, they frequently start up the two old birds with no young ones in company. This should induce the gunners to be merciful.

# New Publications.

Arcturus.—No. 12—November.—This is Magazine week, and our table is piled with periodicals, but among them all commend us to Arcturus as the epitome of the set. The editors of this Journal understand their craft, and serve us a dish [illegible] to those which made up the *chef de oeuvre* of the cook of the all-spacious Duke of Orleans. We have this month a rich array of papers in Arcturus. First comes an article on the New York School fund—then follows "a new movement in Christianity," by Puffer Hopkins—then comes a paper on Magazine literature, which has been written, we dare avow, by some chap who has stolen our ideas when dreaming—then comes "The City Book-Stalls," an odd affair—then follows an article on Richardson's Letters—then a paper on Animal Magnetism—then a discussion on the merits of that good fellow and conqueror, Tom Moore—then the city article, "Crime in the Metropolis"—then "The Fine Arts"—and lastly the reviews. All in all, Arcturus has given us a right good report, and with bonnet off and raised palms, we give him our blessing, therefore. Long may he live, a star in the firmament—never, like the Pleiads, to sink into outer darkness.

The next number of this Magazine will begin the third volume, when an illustration to Puffer Hopkins will be given by Phiz. Hereafter the pages of each number will be increased from sixty-four to eighty; while Geo. L. Curry & Co. will take the place of Mr. Tevett as publisher.—*Drew & Scammell agents.*

The Lady's Book, *for November.*—This periodical for the current month, has been received, with punctuality, a virtue, which the publisher tells us, his arrangements with engravers, will enable him faithfully to practice hereafter. The number is embellished with three steel engravings, of which we most admire, "The Wreck," by Tucker. It is really a gem, and excels any thing we have seen in the book, since the plate entitled "Happy as a King," not even excepting "The Sale of the Pet Lamb" and "Sunday," which appeared together.

Of the other plates we cannot say so much. "The Jealous Lover" is a tolerable plate only. It wants force, and the Spring Flower our lady considers "no compliment" to the original, who is an especial favorite. The Fashions for the month, are tastefully arranged and colored.

Of the stories, Mr. Arthur's is perhaps the best, as being of the practical, rather than the romantic order. We are glad to see some *solid* prose, from Professor Walter, who excels in his line, "The Third Bridesmaid" is rather spun out. Miss Leslie continues her excellent Sketch of Leonilla Lynmore, and quite a number of good articles from well known pens grace the number.

The Boston Miscellany—*Bradbury & Soden*—We have been favored with a sight of this new Magazine by those enterprising agents Messrs. Drew & Scammell of our city. The number before us contains forty-eight pages—the usual quantum of the older Magazines—printed in a bold clear type much larger than that used by either Graham, Godey or Snowden. The embellishments are a steel engraving entitled "The Canary Bird," an exquisite affair; and a pattern for lace work uncolored. This last species of embellishment the Bostonians do not understand how to get up—they will have to come to Philadelphia to learn.

The literary matter of the Miscellany is choice, we may say brilliant. Several of the tales are very good and the poetry surpasses that of any other Magazine. There is one piece which we have copied on our first page, a piece alone worth the price of the number, and fully sustaining the reputation of Mr. Lowell as that of the most imaginative poet in the country, with the single exception perhaps of Longfellow. Read the piece. It is exquisite.

On the whole this is a rich number. If the same excellence is sustained hereafter the Magazine will succeed.

The Young Peoples' Book, *November,* 1841.—Here is a treat indeed for the young folks, a four plate number, and a perfect host of pictures—plates and pictures of value. We have first a fine steel engraving of "The Tomb of Washington"—Second, "The Washington Medal"—third, "Pettrich's Statue of Washington." Fourth, a number of "Memorials of Washington" with many other fine engravings, executed in a spirited style on wood, by Minot, Mumford, Parmalee, and others. The literary matter is excellent, and from such pens as those of T. S. Arthur, Professors Wines, Frost, Dunglison, Peale, Beicher, and others. Mr. McMichael deserves much credit for the enterprise displayed in this number, and we have no doubt that it will bring him many new subscribers.

The People's Library—*No. 2—November.*—Here is another of the entertaining periodicals of our friend McMichael. The present number of the Library is embellished with an engraving after a picture by Mount, entitled "Bargaining for a Horse." The contents of the number are made up of a conclusion of the Ancient Regime, and the opening chapters of Harry Lorrequer.

The Works of Francis Bacon, *Lord Chancellor of England. A new edition, with a Life of the author by Basil Montagu, Esq. To be completed in 10 weekly numbers at 25 cents each. Philada. L. A. Godey, N. York, Israel Post.*—Truly this is an age of cheap literature. Here we have the works of one of the greatest writers that ever lived, printed in most beautiful style, on the finest paper for the sum of 25 cents per number. We have no doubt that the work will be very extensively circulated; the success of the Waverly Novels having settled the safety of the experiment of printing the works of the best writers in numbers. The numbers already out are the first four, and the remainder will follow at the rate of one each week.

We believe that this is the first edition of the works of Bacon ever issued in this country, and thus by the improvements in the art of printing, a work, which before was confined exclusively to the libraries of the rich, or the mere scholar, is brought within the reach of the poorest mechanic in the land.

Poetical Remains of the late Lucretia Maria Davidson, *collected and arranged by her mother, with a Biography, by Miss Sedgwick—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—It has been but a few weeks since we noticed the remains of the gifted sister, Margaretta, edited with singular ability by Washington Irving. The present is a suitable companion, and must share the popularity of the first issue. The fate of these two talented sisters made a deep impression upon the public mind, and every little memorial in relation to them is hailed as a treasure. Miss Sedgwick has well edited the work, which is issued in the best style of Lea & Blanchard, and we have no question that they will find more profit in publishing works of this kind in such beautiful style, than in the trashy novels which really overrun the press, and overload the shelves of book stores. We see already the dawn of a purer taste in the character of the works issued by our booksellers for some months past.

Greville, or a Season in Paris—*By Mrs. Gore—2 vols.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—We have read this novel with a great deal of interest, and are free to say that we consider it one of the best of the season. The Sketches of Parisian Life and of Society in the Faubourg, are well drawn. There is, however, a little tediousness in the last volume, where, when the plot is exhausted, the story is unnecessarily prolonged. This is a truth, or perhaps we should say the *misfortune* of the book writer, who is obliged to fill her pages.

We cannot say that we like the idea of the hero falling in love with a married woman, nor his avowing it—nor do we think, that though the virtue of the lady comes out from the trial uncalled, and the hero in the end is united to the sister, who all along cherished an attachment for him, that even the *moral* of the story should prevent this passing condemnation. We have no doubt that the work will sell.

Memoirs of Madame Lafarge—*Written by herself—Translated from the French—Complete in one volume—Carey & Hart.*—This woman has, for some time past, been notorious, not only in France, but throughout England and America. Her case attracted much attention at the time it was before the tribunal, and her character is yet the theme of discussion. We have here her life written by herself, in prison; and those who feel curious to peruse its details can now gratify their wishes. The volume is got up neatly and adorned with a portrait of Madame Lafarge.

The Law Reporter, *Nos. 6, and 7, for October and November.*—Here is a periodical we always welcome with pleasure. Indeed it is a wonder to us that every lawyer does not possess himself of it, for it gives in a digested form the *gist* of the latest decisions of importance in the country. There are two remarkable criminal cases quoted in these numbers—one is that of Jacob Leisler, for high treason, the other is that of Abraham Thurston, for murder. Both are cases of deep interest.—*Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine—*No. 29—November, 1841.*—The leading article of the month is on "Venetian Commerce," and is a valuable and instructive paper. The essay which pleases us most, however, is entitled, "Thermometrical Observations as connected with navigation." This article is from the pen of Dr. Meese of this state. It is a scientific and highly important paper. The other articles in the number are of the usual interest. We again repeat that no merchant ought to be without this periodical.—*Drew & Scammell, Agts.*

Confidence, or the Blind Heart—*By W. G. Simms—2 vols.—Lea & Blanchard.*—We duly received this novel, but as some kind friend has relieved our table of it, and has as yet not completed his examination of the work, we are forced to speak of its merits, more from the opinion of others than from that of ourselves. We can, however, say, what is not usual, that "Confession" is on every hand read with delight. The encomiums pronounced on the romance by the press are universal.

The [illegible], or the Graces of the Mind—*Appleton & Co. New York—R. S. H. George, Philadelphia.*—[illegible] is a beautiful little manual, elegantly printed and elegantly bound. It is like a diamond, which though small is brilliant. The engravings are quite neat, and the literary matter choice. Altogether it is the very thing to present to a pretty little girl, and will be in great demand for that purpose about Christmas time.

Paul and Virginia, *from the French of J. B. H. De St. Pierre—New York, Appleton & Co.—R. H. S. George, Philadelphia.*—This beautiful little romance is issued in most attractive style by the publishers, with extra binding, gilt edges, superb paper, etc. It has a very pretty engraving as a face plate. We have not seen so elegant a little work for some time. It would make a fine present.

Robert Merry's Museum, *for November,* is ornamented with a colored engraving of a Rhinoceros, besides being illustrated by several woodcuts, and enriched by the usual variety of letter-press. We see no flagging in Merry.—*Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

The American Phrenological Journal, *for January,* 1842, is on our table. It is a specimen number, rich and varied in its contents. O. S. Fowler, editor and proprietor.

## Indian Affairs.

We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin of the 25th ult. that on the Saturday previous the Hon. T. Hartly Crawford commissioner of Indian Affairs and Major D. D. Mitchell, superintendent, arrived in that city, from the Sac and Fox Agency, on the Des Moines river. The Bulletin states that the commissioners were unable to treat with the Indians, notwithstanding the liberal offers that were made. The Sacs and Foxes promptly and positively refused to sell a single acre of their lands. A correspondent remarks that "this will be a sad disappointment to the people of Iowa, who were exceedingly anxious to enlarge the boundaries of their territory, and furnish an outlet to the emigrants that are daily pouring in from the neighboring States. A company of United States dragoons are stationed at the agency, for the purpose of keeping off trespassers, and so long as they remain all will be well, but serious apprehensions are entertained for the peace of the frontier so soon as the troops are withdrawn."

## An Appropriate Name.

We learn from a friend that a new Temperance Society has been formed in the western part of the city, and named "The *Delavan Total Abstinence Society*" in honor of E. C. Delavan, of New York. The object of this society is to reclaim the poor inebriate, and raise him to the level of a man. The society has rented a building and intend opening a reading room, and establishing a library, thus affording a place wherein the reformed drunkard may spend his leisure hours in a rational manner, without subjecting himself to the temptations of the bar room.

Donations in books or money left at this office will be promptly handed over to the officers of the society.

## St. Germain.

The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer says in a late letter—"The immense pile, the Castle of St. Germain, which Francis V. Henry IV. Louis XIV. and the beautiful Lavalliere inhabited, and in which James II. died, has been turned into a military penitentiary, a receptacle for the most squalid culprits. Both exterior and interior convey now any other idea than that of a favorite royal residence, excepting always its site, the groves and terrace, truly magnificent. A crumbling tower is all that remains of the added edifice in which Louis XIV. was born. From the cell in which the devout James prayed, you pass into the boudoir of Lavalliere."

## Temperance at the West.

The Pittsburgh Intelligencer says that a great Western Temperance Convention was held at Pittsburgh on the 20th and 21st inst., consisting of delegates and members from Western Pennsylvania and adjacent portions of Ohio and Virginia. Forty-five Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies were represented in the Convention, and the Intelligencer states that, directly and indirectly, they represented at least twenty-five thousand persons, who have within the last year joined the Temperance Total Abstinence Societies.

## A Vile Deed.

The Wilmington Republican says, "A pile of logs were thrown across the rail road between here and Newark on Saturday night last, with the intention no doubt, of throwing the night train off the track; but the attempt failed, the logs being pushed forward by the fender until it was broken off, by which time the engine was stopped and the track cleared. No person but a scoundrel of the deepest dye—a very fiend, would do such an act."

## Steam Revenue Cutter.

The Secretary of the Treasury has returned a favorable answer to the memorial addressed to him by the Chamber of Commerce of this city, in conjunction with the Insurance offices, suggesting the employment of a steam vessel as a revenue cutter on the Delaware, as well for the protection of the revenue, as to afford aid to vessels on the coast during the winter season.

## Election in New York.

The election is passing off very quietly in N. York. No advices have been received up to the time of our going to press. In New York city the Catholics are not supporting the ticket nominated at Carroll Hall. They boast of the ability to poll twenty-five hundred votes. Next week we shall have full returns, not only from the city, but from most of the State.

## A Scientific Hoax.

The Society of Arts in London has been handsomely hoaxed. A carriage with but one wheel, and to be used without horses, was advertised to be seen at a certain place, the members of the Society and the public in general were invited to come and see it. The ardor of their expectations was somewhat dampened when they were shown a *wheel-barrow.*

## Mount Vernon.

The Mount Vernon, estate consisted, soon after the war with France, of nine thousand acres, and when Washington returned to cultivate it, he had twelve hundred persons upon it in his employ. *Now,* but five slaves live on the place, and four hundred acres only are cultivated, chiefly used for raising wheat and Indian corn.

## Texas.

We apprehend some new movement by the friends of Texas, before long. The Natchez Free Trader says that it has reasons for believing that a new proposition relative to the Union of Texas with this country will be brought forward by a distinguished gentleman at the next Session of Congress under very favorable auspices.

## A College Destroyed.

The main building of the Jefferson College at Washington, Miss. took fire on the morning of the 20th, and was consumed. About 500 volumes of the library were burnt, together with the archives of the Mississippi Territory. Loss estimated at $20,000, besides the archives, which money cannot replace.

## The Lost Found.

It is due to Messrs. Harnden & Co. to state that the package of notes brought by their line for Messrs. D. S. Brown & Co., was punctually delivered. Their being missed for a short time was owing to one of those incidents which will now and then occur in the multiplied transactions of an extensive business.

## Religious Intelligence.

We learn from the Palmyra Whig, that the Missouri Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adjourned on the 14th inst. after a laboring session of nine days. The Rev. Bishop Morris presided. About twenty preachers were added to the conference, six by transfer, and fourteen by license.

## A Curiosity.

Mr. A. W. Sparks, says the Kent News, has left us a twig of an apple tree, containing three apples about the size of damsons, and slightly colored on one side with red.—He states that a tree in his garden is filled with similar fruit, being its second crop during the present year.

## Distinguished Visitors.

Charles Dickens, the popular author, and Professor Wilson, the veteran conductor of Blackwood's Magazine, both intend to visit this country in January next. We see that the former announces that *Barnaby Rudge* will be completed in November.

## Insane Poor.

We understand that the Commissioners for locating the State Asylum for the Insane Poor, have decided to place it a little north of Bartram's gardens, over the Schuylkill. Mr. Strickland has been selected as the architect.

# SATURDAY POST.

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## Financial Record.

### Sales of Stocks.

*By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.*

| | | Price sold for. |
|---|---|---|
| 300 shares | Girard Bank, | 20 |
| 237 do. | United States Bank, | 3¼a3½ |
| 237 do. | Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R. | 29½a30 |
| 54 do. | Schuylkill Navigation Co. | 47½a48 |
| 44 do. | Philadelphia Bank, | 60 |
| 36 do. | Commercial Bank, Cincin. | 70 |
| 25 do. | Reading R. R. | 22½ |
| 21 do. | Louisville Bank, | 69a70 |
| 20 do. | Western Bank, | 31 |
| 17 do. | Mec. & Man. Bank, Pitts. | 43 |
| 11 do. | Pennsylvania Bank, | 200 |
| 8 do. | Far. & Mechanics Bank, | 37 |
| 5 do. | Man. & Mec. Bank, | 30 |
| 5 do. | Mechanics Bank, | 21 |
| $10,000 | United States Bank Notes, | 58¼ |

### New Jersey Finances.

New Jersey, as appears from Governor Pennington's Message, is one of the few lucky States that have kept out of debt. And although her soil is none of the richest, and her natural resources are much inferior to most of the other members of the Union, yet she is not embarrassed in her pecuniary affairs, and has no trouble about raising money to pay interest on State loans. Her faith is therefore in no danger of violation, her credit is sound, and her honor untarnished.

The affairs of the State are conducted with commendable economy. The whole sum paid out of the treasury in the form of salaries is only $13,720 a year. Her penitentiary system yields a large profit from which a heavy surplus has accumulated.

Instead of plunging into debt and allowing internal improvement companies to dip their hands into her treasury, and speculate upon her credit as most of her sisters have done, New Jersey has completely turned the tables and speculates out of the companies. She has two lines of railroads running entirely across her territory, besides numerous branches, canals and other improvements which have not only cost her nothing, but she has actually been paid for allowing them to be built.

Dividends.—The following dividends have been declared by several of the Banks of Philadelphia:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Southwark, | 3 | per cent. |
| Commercial, | 3 | " |
| Manufacturers' and Mechanics', | 3½ | " |
| Western, | 3 | " |
| Northern Liberties, | 3½ | " |
| Moyamensing, | 3½ | " |
| Mechanics', | 3½ | " |
| Farmers' and Mechanics', | 3½ | " |

The Philadelphia Bank, we understand, resolved to declare no dividend until they could ascertain the value of the securities which they hold.

The Girard Bank being called upon to declare a dividend, and being uncertain as to the exact profits, declare a nominal dividend of one cent on each share.

The Chesnut Hill and Spring Hill Turnpike Company declare a dividend of three and a half per cent. for the last six months, payable after the 11th inst.

Money Matters in New York.—The Express says there is quite a calm of money matters in Wall st. Money, adds that paper, for mercantile paper is as abundant as ever. A large amount of good notes have been discounted in the street within a few days at six per cent. having five months to run—this is as low as paper has been negotiated at within the past six months. Notwithstanding the large exports of specie, and the high rate of foreign exchange, there is no pressure on the mercantile community.

Distribution of the Reward.—The $2000 offered by the city of Boston for the detection and conviction of the burglars who entered and plundered the stores of Gilbert & Sons, Davis, Palmer & Co. and the house of Mr. Andrews, were awarded—$1400 to Mr. Hornden, $300 to Captain Comean; $100 to Mr. Hudson, and nothing to either of the other claimants. The $200 reward offered in the case of Mr. Andrews, was not earned in the opinion of the referees, and consequently was not awarded.

Royal Stables vs. Education.—In the House of Lords last September, Lord Brougham expressed great satisfaction at the circumstance that £70,000 had been expended for the royal stables, at a time when he could scarcely wring £30,000 from the Government for the education of the people. Viscount Melbourne explained that the grant was indispensable, and the Duke of Wellington concurred with him.

A Back Account.—A verdict has just been rendered in the Circuit Court, of one thousand dollars, against Mr. L. P. Crittenden, Mayor of Apalachicola, for an assault committed upon his brother-in-law, Mr. Lester West. The assault was committed in 1836, just as Mr. Crittenden was on the point of sailing for Apalachicola; and he has since kept away. The suit was brought for $20,000.

Damages and a Bill.—Mr. J. R. Pitkin, some time since recovered a verdict of $50 against the New York Sun, for advertising a demand against him. The Sun has now recovered a judgment for the bill of advertising, which amounts to $803 75. Mr. Pitkin can therefore have his $50 whenever he is ready to pay over $753 75 and costs for it.

Tea, Coffee and Cocoa.—There was imported into the United States, during the year ending September 30, 1840, 19,981,476 lbs. tea, valued at $5,417,589; 94,996,095 lbs. coffee, valued at $8,564,222; and 3,626,369 lbs. cocoa, valued at $161,389; in all 117,603,940 lbs. worth $14,143,200.

A Financier on Trial.—Benjamin W. Green, who robbed the bank of Virginia of a large sum of money, was on Saturday last put upon his trial at Richmond. Fifty-five men were called before they got a jury. The court then adjourned.

A Valuable Song.—It is said that a London publisher has cleared £600, by a song called "Wanted a Governess;" the author of which received five guineas for the copy-right in the first place, and five guineas since.

Cotton.—Exports from the United States since 1st October, 27,759
Same time last year 41,211
Same time year before 35,095

A Miser.—Robert Smith, a blacksmith, died recently in London, worth $40,000. He was so mean in his habits, he could not *afford* himself the means of subsistence.

United States Loan.—The Secretary of the Treasury has negotiated $2,000,000 of his loan at 6 per cent. in Boston at par. In New York, a smaller amount was taken.

Specie.—About $500,000 left New York by the last packets for England and France.

## Political Intelligence.

Virginia Election. According to a slip from the Wheeling Argus, (Dem.) the following are the returns of the Wheeling district, except Riggs' precinct, in Tyler county, "which," says the Argus, "will not vary the result much either way."

| | Parriott, (W.) | Newman, (Dem.) |
|---|---|---|
| Ohio, | 696 | 267 |
| Brooke, | 113 | 923 |
| Marshall, | 354 | 423 |
| Tyler, | 193 | 387 |
| | 1356 | 1400 |

Giving Newman, (Dem.) forty-four majority, and one precinct to hear from.

The election of Newman ties the State Senate, giving each party sixteen members.

Assessors and Assessments.—The several assessors of the City and County met on Tuesday at the office of the County Commissioners, pursuant to a call of that body, for the purpose of receiving their books and entering upon their duties. They have agreed to make no change in the manner of making the assessment from that of last year, and will as far as practicable, make the amounts of personal tax the same as upon the last year's books.

Rhode Island.—The General Assembly of Rhode Island adjourned on Friday week, to meet in Providence on the second Monday of January. The petition of Mr. D'Hauteville, to repeal the law of June last, giving to married women the right of divorce in certain cases, was called up, and upon motion of counsel, and at the suggestion of members of the house, the petitioner had leave to withdraw his petition.

Iowa.—The population of this Territory is said to be sufficient to entitle it to admission into the Union as a State. A disposition is manifested by the Iowa people to form a State Government, and to apply to Congress for a place among the family of States. One of the reasons urged in favor of this step is that it will enable Iowa to avail herself of the benefits of the Distribution Law.

Official Vote for Governor.—The official vote, as published in the Reporter, given for Governor, is as follows:—Porter 136,576—Banks 113,573. Porter's majority 23,003. Madison township, Armstrong county, rejected by the judges, is included. That township gave Porter 33—Banks 46. This correction made, the Democratic majority will be declared 23,010.

Honorable Memento.—The Texian Congress have directed a marble bust of Senator Walker, of Mississippi, who made the motion in the United States Senate for the recognition of the Independence of Texas; and a portrait of Senator Preston, who seconded the motion—to be placed in the Capitol of the Republic.

Mr. Washington Barrow, of Mississippi, our Charge d'Affaires to Portugal, has arrived in New York, and will sail for Lisbon at an early day.

Senator Elected.—An election was held in the Wheeling, Va. district on Thursday week, for State Senator. Enoch (Whig) was elected.

## General News.

Burnt to Death.—A Mrs. Wellman, a lady eighty years of age, residing in Cornish, N. H. was so shockingly burnt by her clothes taking fire, that she died in a short time afterwards. There being no other person in the house, except her husband, who was helpless, in order to extinguish the flames she rolled upon the floor, but without success; she then wrapped herself in a woollen blanket, and while in this situation a young man from without rushed into the house and seized the clothes of Mrs. W. which were so burned that most of them fell from her. She clasped the young man so fast in her arms that he was unable to extricate himself until he had carried her of the house, when they both fell upon the ground. He finally broke from her grasp and threw water upon her, but too late to save her life. The young man was also very badly burned.

Making Chowder.—Away down east, all along shore, near Marshfield, one day last week, before the door of a fishing hut, towards evening, there might have been seen a hard featured man, with a shaggy roundabout upon his back, and a coarse tarpaulin, that looked rather the worse for wear, upon his head, squatted upon a stone, and with a fist full of sand, scouring out an old chowder pot, which the last users had been so careless as to leave a little less cleanly than it should have been. Shortly after, the same hand was to be seen sprinkling pepper and salt upon the fruits of that day's expedition, as they simmered in the pot over the aforesaid crackling fire. And the way he slicked down the spoon victuals was astonishing. Who do you think that man was? It was Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

Wholesale Death.—We copy the following paragraph from the Louisville Journal of the 25th ultimo. "Two or three weeks ago, three hundred foreign emigrants arrived at the Balize below New Orleans. The city authorities, hearing of their arrival, and anxious that they should not fall victims to the yellow fever, sent a deputation, warning them not to enter the city, and offering to furnish them with the mean of subsistence until the pestilence should subside. The emigrants thought it was all a Yankee trick. 'We are told,' said they to the deputation, 'that we can make three dollars a day in New Orleans; if the authorities will pay us that, we will stay where we are—if not, not.' The poor fellows hastened to the city; and, at the last dates, it is said that not one of them was living."

Attempt to Murder.—The Baltimore Sun of Monday says—"We learn that an occurrence took place in Hartford county, in this State, a few days ago, which was nothing more nor less than an attempt to murder. A party were in a public house, engaged in some game for liquor. An affray took place between a Mr. Jesse Thompson and a Mr. Nelson, and others. Thompson left the house, but returned shortly after with his gun, and upon Nelson's going out, he shot him, the load entering his shoulder, but not inflicting a mortal wound. Thompson then re-loaded his gun, and threatened to shoot a Mr. Baker, who was present. He was afterward arrested, and committed to Hartford jail to await his trial."

More Lynching.—Another atrocious outrage is recorded in the Vicksburg Sentinel, lately committed on the Brig Black Island, near Grand Gulf, by a band of outlaws. Many poor ignorant woodcutters were most inhumanly whipped, and a Mr. Kirkwood basely murdered by the lynchers. They blindfolded him, pinioned him, took him to the river bank, and after getting him in a boat, plunged a bowie knife into his heart, and then threw him into the river. It is said that the parties concerned in these disgraceful outrages are known in Grand Gulf, and that some of the leading lynchers have fled.

Important to Firemen.—The following is a new and feasible plan proposed in the New York Sunday Atlas for the rapid extinguishment of fires, viz:—"To have a large machine, with a ton of carbonate of lime, a proper proportion of water, and half a ton of sulphuric acid. With valves to regulate the carbonic acid gas could be evolved, which properly directed, would be more effectual than water, inasmuch as it would penetrate to every portion of a building, and extinguish a fire as completely as if it were drowned in the North river.

Melancholy.—The Tallahassee Star contains the following truly melancholy annunciation of deaths in a single family in that place, who were formerly residents in Baltimore.

Died at Tallahassee, of the prevailing fever, on the 25th Sept. Edward R. Wellford, aged 21; and on the 28th Sept. Robert Y. Wellford, Esq.; and on the 2d Oct. Mrs. Louisa Wellford; and on the 2d Oct. James G. Wellford, aged 18. United in life they were not separated in death. And on the 6th Oct. Richard G. Wellford, aged 24.

Fatal Accident.—The Miners' Journal of Saturday says:—"An interesting son of Mr. Henry Shollenberger, aged about five years, was drowned near the Valley Furnace, on Monday afternoon last. He accompanied his sister to a spring, in which a barrel was placed to catch the water; after the girl left, it is supposed he attempted to dip water out of the barrel, and was precipitated head foremost into the same, in which situation his lifeless body was found about an hour after by his agonized mother."

The N. E. Boundary and the Aroostook Rail-Road.—The Aroostook road is now turnpiked and completed to the Aroostook river. From its terminus at the Aroostook river to the Fish river station, a distance of about forty-five miles, there is a good winter road, and passable summer road, constructed by the posse under command of Colonel Jarvis. So much of the disputed territory as lies south of the St. John, is now under the absolute jurisdiction of Maine, or the United States.

From Florida.—The U. S. steamer Gen. Taylor, arrived at Savannah on the 25th ult. from Florida. A passenger states that Tigertail and most of his band, about one hundred Indians, have been induced by Alligator to come into Tampa—where they are safe under the care of Col. Worth. It will be recollected that Alligator is one of the Indians recently arrived in the Territory from Arkansas, for the purpose of inducting his brethren to emigrate to that country.

Health of the South.—At New Orleans the fever has sensibly diminished. The weather had become cool. The captain and seventeen of the crew of the steamer Louisiana had been attacked, and himself and five of the men died, as among the recent victims. The editors of the Picayune had been down with the sickness.

At Vicksburg the fever was very violent. Among the persons ill, at the latest accounts, was Major McCardle, the editor of the Whig paper.

Santa Fe Traders.—From the Missourian of the 9th inst., we learn that a caravan of 30 wagons and about 350 mules, started from that place under Signors Armacho, Chavez and De Gordia, a few days ago, on their way to Santa Fe. They carried with them seventy tons of goods. The traders have generally left for the Rocky Mountains, Chihuahua, or Santa Fe.

The D'Hauteville Case is likely to be again brought before the public. The lady is now a resident of New Hampshire, and enjoying the protection which the laws of the State afford. Mr. D'Hauteville has procured a divorce from his wife in one of the courts of Switzerland, but he still intends to prosecute his purpose to obtain possession of their child.

Killed in a Quarrel.—On the 15th ult. a personal difficulty arose between Michael Hill and a man by the name of Lewis, both living in the neighborhood of Sangamo town, a few miles west of Springfield, Illinois, in which Hill struck Lewis over the head with a piece of wood, and so fractured his skull that he died on Sunday.

Unfortunate Occurrence.—At Mauch Chunk on Thursday last, a slip of Coal from one of the high banks of the old Mauch Chunk coal mines took place, and part of the mass fell on a workman named Benjamin Williams, engaged below in the mines, and literally cut or rather bruised off one of his legs between the knee and ancle.

Great Fire in Barre.—We learn from the Gazette that *thirteen hundred gallons* of spirituous liquors were burnt on the green in Barre on Monday evening week. The liquors constituted the stock of several retailers who promised to give up the business of selling, on condition that the temperance people would buy what they had on hand.

Lumbering on the Penobscot.—Some of the Maine people have succeeded in damming the waters of Aliguash in the "disputed territory," so as to turn them into the Penobscot. This will enable them to saw their timber in that direction, and the neighborhood is said to abound in timber of the very best description.

The Silk Culture in Pennsylvania.—Susannah Wright, one of the "celebrated persons" mentioned in Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, had an extensive cocoonery here one hundred years ago, and at one time exhibited "sixty yards of silk mantua of her own production."

Growth of Cities.—It is stated in a Cincinnati paper, that since the first of October, no less than eight hundred and twenty-seven buildings have been erected in that city and suburbs—nearly all of them at the termination of the Railroad or Canal.

Murder.—Jacob Kemberlin, of Leipsic, Germany, was shot recently, in Adams county, Miss., at a place called Organ's Precinct, by a person named Samuel H. Still, who immediately fled to the woods, after having committed the deed.

Fraud.—A Rev. C. Sands, and George Luckinball, have been held to bail in New Orleans for fraudulently obtaining $720 from a man who was dying, by means of a pretended will. They are to be tried at the Criminal Court.

White Convicted.—In the U. States Circuit Court, Boston, the case of Benjamin F. White, for the murder of Jacob Helper, mate of the ship Constantine, was concluded. The jury returned a verdict of "manslaughter."

From Yucatan.—This government is forming a Navy. A clipper of 22 guns, called Victoria, has just been purchased. This fine new country is called the "New England" of Mexico.

A Fire.—The Clock movement factory of Mr. Elisha Hotchkiss, in Burlington, Ct., was destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th ult.—no insurance. Cause of the fire unknown.

The Professions.—It is calculated that there are in the United States 14,012 Lawyers; 14,680 Clergymen, and 10,322 Physicians, exclusive of quacks.

Lock Jaw.—A man in the employ of Mr. Gimmel died on Sunday evening from lock jaw, caused by running a nail in his leg a week or ten days ago.

Murderer Convicted.—David Abbott has been found guilty at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of his wife, and sentenced to be hung.

Slaver Captured.—Notwithstanding the efforts to break up the abominable slave trade, it still continues to flourish. An arrival at Boston on Saturday, from St. Helena, on the 9th of September, brings intelligence that the brig Gabriel, a slaver, had been captured when fifteen days from Havana, by H. M. brig of war Acorn, and had arrived at St. Helena. She had a crew of sixty-five Spaniards, and she exchanged several shots with the Acorn. In a bag of rice were found papers which gave information that twenty-three slave vessels were fitting out from Havana. The Gabriel's crew were put on board the Acorn, which sailed for the Coast of Africa, to put them on a desolate and uninhabited part of the coast. Seven other slavers, previously captured, were breaking up at St. Helena. *Sixteen hundred slaves* were on the island. This number shows how extensively the infernal trade is carried on.

The Trial of Charles F. Mitchell is set down in the Court of Sessions for Friday next. We find the following note from Mr. Mitchell to a friend, in a New York paper.

"I have been a victim to such unmitigated wrong and abuse, that for my own satisfaction as well as those who still cherish kind and friendly feelings towards me, I am desirous that the whole truth in relation to my character and history should be known to the public, as well as the Jury before whom I am to appear. I am willing that every act of my life, from the moment I set foot upon the soil of New York, twelve years ago, a pennyless and friendless boy, up to the "Ides of March" should be spread before the world, and so far as I may have the means, it shall be done."

Grand Row at New Haven.—A grand row occurred at New Haven on Saturday night, between the firemen and the students of Yale College. The former had a celebration, and were trying one of their engines on the steeple of a church in the neighborhood of the college, when the students, who were playing ball on the green, claiming the ground as theirs, threw their ball into the midst of the firemen, and then rushed in upon them, stamping upon the hose. The fight became general, and was not suppressed until the arrest of a number of the most active of the rioters. A great deal of exasperation was felt on both sides, and the councils held a meeting on Sunday for the purpose of preventing a repetion of the disturbance.

Steamboat Accidents.—We learn from the officers of the Eliza, says the St. Louis Gazette, that the steamer Pre-Emption, from New Orleans, bound for this port, struck a snag about 55 miles below the city. The boat will be saved, although with much damage to the cargo.

The steamer Trapper, Capt. Riley, which left this port last Thursday for New Orleans, struck a snag about 5 miles below St. Genevieve, and knocked a hole in her bottom.—Nearly all the cargo was landed. The boat will receive temporary repairs and return to this port.

The Pawnee was aground below St. Genevieve. Her engine is broken, and she will have also to come back to the city.

Latest From Bermuda.—The Atalanta arrived at New York on Thursday from Bermuda, with dates to 23d ult. A violent gale, called by the Islanders a *coup de vent*, passed over that Island on the 21st, and did some damage. Fourteen or fifteen houses in Hamilton and its neighborhood have been partially unroofed—many trees thrown down—and the plants throughout the Island blackened and blasted, and very many of them destroyed.

A Tragedy Indeed.—The Catalonian Journals state that on the 20th ult. the Collegiate Church of Medina was struck by lightning, which set fire to the tower. The edifice burnt with such violence, that, before any succour could be brought, the whole fell with the clock-work and bells on one of the chapels, crushing the roof down on the high altar, and killing several persons who were before it at prayers.

Potato Trade of Maine.—Maine is the potato State, and that valuable esculent should be incorporated among the objects represented on the coat of arms of the State. The village of Kennebec alone sold last week for exportation, twenty thousand bushels of the article at two shillings a bushel. The value of the potato crop of the State will well compare with that of the cotton crop of Georgia.

Fatal Accident.—John Branson, seaman on board the schooner Alicia, at Baltimore, from Malaga, fell on deck, from the yard, striking the main rail, on the 9th October, and was instantly killed. He had represented himself to be a native of Sweden; and if he has any relations, they may hear farther particulars by addressing Capt. Harvey, of schooner Alicia, of Baltimore.

Sure Method of Putting out the Fire of Chimneys.—The simplest method is to have always in the house a certain quantity of flour of sulphur; and in case of catching in the flue, take a handful of it, which throw on the fire in the hearth, then stop the fire place with a wet sheet or blanket; in a few seconds the fire will be entirely out.

A Mammoth Squash.—Mr. George Cooke, of Northampton, Mass. exhibited at the late cattle show, a squash raised in his garden, that weighed two hundred and two pounds! Col. Partridge, of that town, also exhibited on the same occasion, a squash raised in his garden, which weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

Flour, Beef, and Pork.—The New York Commercial Advertiser estimates the stock of flour now in store in that city at 150,000 bbls. against 50,000 bbls. at this time last year. Lyford estimates the stock of beef and pork, at present on sale in the United States, to be at least 150,000 barrels.

Young Lawyers.—At the October term of the New York Supreme Court, now sitting in the City of Rochester, 55 gentlemen were found upon examination to have so far complied with the rules of the Court as to entitle them to practice as Attorneys, and 23 others were admitted as Counsellors.

Persons Poisoned.—The Canton (Miss.) Creole says four persons in a family in that county were recently poisoned by the mixing of the seed of the Jamestown weed with their coffee. The persons were very ill, but recovered after medical aid. Supposed to be the wicked act of the cook.

Death of Billy Caldwell, or Sau-ga-nash.—This Indian Chief died at Council Bluff on the 28th September. He was the principal Chief of the United Nation of Ottawa, Pottawattomie and Chippewa Indians, and an efficient friend during the Sac and Fox troubles of 1832.

Shot.—A few nights since a negro was shot by a boy thirteen years of age, for attempting to enter his mother's house, in Springfield, near Vicksburg. The negro had been hunted off before, and returning made his way up to the door in the dead of the night, when the boy shot him.

Wheel Carriages in 1753.—A correspondent of the Daily Advertiser states, on the authority of a document in the State archives, that the wheel carriages in the State of Massachusetts in 1753, consisted of 4 coaches, 16 chariots, 1 calash, 283 chaises, and 872 chairs.

Cheap Amusement.—Six cents is the price taxed in the New York Sessions for whipping a man twice your size. The Tattler thinks, at that tariff, a little man can thrash sixteen big ones for a dollar—if they will only let them.

Suicide in Prison.—Joseph W. Place, who was confined in prison at Vevay, Ind. awaiting his trial for shooting at and severely wounding two young ladies, committed suicide on the 16th ult. by taking poison.

Completed.—The widening of the Morris Canal, which extends from Easton, Pa., to the Bay of New York, is now completed, and is open for the transportation of Lehigh Coal to the New York market.

Early Winter.—We learn from the Newburyport Herald, that on Tuesday morning last, the thermometer at sunrise stood at 24, being 8 degrees below the freezing point. The weather had again become mild.

Thanksgiving in all the Eastern States is approaching. The proclamations are all out. The mere remembrance of this joyous and delightful season, makes every true Yankee's heart swell within his bosom.

Arson and Roguery.—A woman named Sophia Pothas, has been arrested in New York, charged with setting fire to her house, to recover $300, the amount for which her furniture was insured.

Needles.—By a simple machine, a mere tray, 30,000 needles thrown together, entangled in every way, are in three or four minutes accurately arranged, head and point.

Turkish Empire.—The population of Turkey is about 23,000,000, of whom 16,000,000 are Musselmen and 7,000,000 Christians or Jews.

Infamous Incendiarism.—The Presbyterian Church at Oswego, (N. Y.) was set on fire and burned to the ground on Sunday night week.

John Punished.—John Hoe has been sentenced to nearly five years imprisonment in the penitentiary in Maryland, for stealing a horse.

Thanksgiving.—Gov. Corwin has appointed Thursday, 2d December, as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the State of Ohio.

## Army & Navy.

United States Troops.—The Cincinnati Republican of the 26th ult., states that the 5th Regiment U. S. Infantry passed by that city, up the river, on the preceding day, on their way to Detroit. They will go from Portsmouth by the canal to Cleveland, thence by the lake. The regiment comprises 700 men, from Forts Crawford, Snelling, Winnebago and Atkinson, on the Upper Mississippi. It is commanded by J. S. McIntosh; the other officers present were Assistant Surgeon Kennedy; Adjutant Lieut. Dean—Captains Johnson, Merritt, Smith, Hooe, Lynde, Hampson and Sybley—Lieuts. Chapman, Ruggles, Root, McPhail, Setwinson, Russell, Whitall, Fowler, Brooke, Little, Norvell, Robinson, Whiting, Lugenbell, Loisson, Rossecrants and Jones. The officers and men were well.

Sickness at Pensacola.—The Army and Navy Chronicle says:—"We learn by an officer of the navy who left Pensacola on the 17th ult. that the sickness at the naval hospital, among the crew of the Levant, had somewhat abated. During the few days previous to the 17th, the only new cases were relapses of persons who had entirely recovered, and nearly all of them proved fatal. Mr. Meade, the Commodore's Secretary, had taken his family to Perdido, for their health, when he was taken ill and died in about 30 hours; his body was conveyed to the yard, and buried on the 17th."

A Military Encampment was held at Boalsburg, Centre County, in this State, about a week ago; about 600 men were present. The encampment was under the command of Colonel Andrew Gregg—assisted by Lieut. Col. R. C. Hale, Majors W. Burchfield, and G. E. Barrett; Cavalry under Capt. George Buchanan. Arrangements were made for an encampment at Lewistown, next fall.

Naval.—The United States ship Constitution, Capt. Turner, from the Pacific, was at Rio de Janeiro on the 11th September, bound to the United States. The frigate Potomac, Captain Storer, and schooner Enterprise, Lieutenant Goldsborough, were also at Rio same date.

Western Armory.—A meeting has been held at Beaver, (Beaver county, Pa.) for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain the location of the U. S. Western Armory at that place.

## City News.

Monument of a Fireman.—There has been lately erected in Ronaldson's Cemetery a plain but beautiful obelisk. The following inscription tells the story of him whose remains repose beneath it:

ERECTED
by the
PHŒNIX HOSE COMPANY
To the memory of
GEORGE LYBRAND EISENBREY,
Who was killed whilst in
The discharge of his duties
As a member
By the fall of a wall
At the Fire
In Market street above Sixth,
June 24th, A. D. 1841.
ÆT. 24.

Above this inscription is an inverted wreath, within which, in relief, is the word "Eisenbrey." These are on the east side of the monument; on the west side, is carved in bold relief an inverted torch, with the word "Phœnix" thereupon. The whole was executed by Mr. Charles M. Howell, a fellow member of the ill fated deceased, and is creditable to his taste and skill.

The Case of Attorney McLaughlin.—The Court of General Sessions on Saturday morning last, gave its opinion in the matter of Daniel McLaughlin, Esq. an attorney practising in that Court. The proceedings were had upon a rule of Court taken on him to shew cause why his name should not be stricken from the roll of Attorneys, and the decision of the Court made the rule *absolute*, and declared him no longer as a recognised attorney of that Court.

The Court was unanimous in its opinion, and ordered that certificates of the action of the Court, be made out by the Clerk and transmitted to the Judges of the several Courts in the county. Judge Barton in giving the opinion of the Court said the rule was not taken upon Mr. McLaughlin for the offence of receiving the note in question, knowing it to have been stolen, but, for *retaining* it, knowing it to have been stolen, and by that act prejudicing his client, whom he was bound under oath to protect and defend, and further that it was a breach of professional integrity and honesty which the Court was bound to notice in the manner it had done.

The Sham Fight.—The German Regiment, composed of the mounted Lancers, Yeagers, the three companies of Washington Guards, and the Washington Artillery, accompanied by the splendid Washington Guards and Yeager bands, had their sham battle at Lemon Hill on Monday. It was a regular pitched rencontre between the Artillery and Infantry on one side, and the Horsemen and Infantry on the other. Thousands of persons witnessed the sight, all apparently delighted. Some funny scenes were enacted on the ground, and some rather *spirited* ones as the companies were coming into the city in the afternoon;—but the soldiery generally acquitted themselves handsomely, and the whole affair was such as to reflect much credit upon the military character of the Regiment. Not a single accident occurred.

Right.—Mayor Scott, it is said, refuses to take constables or police officers as bail for individuals bound over before him. His course in this matter is decidedly right, and merits the commendation of his fellow-citizens. Much corruption is practiced by allowing such officers to become bail. The practice should be universally disallowed, and if no other means of remedy can be applied, there should be some legislative action in reference to it.

The New Bridge.—The new bridge, at Fairmount, is still rapidly progressing. The western pier is finished; and on the eastern pier there has been erected one of the massive granite pillows, over which pass the wire cables that support the bridge. Its shape is the Egyptian style, and it seems admirably adapted to set off and beautify the structure, of which it forms a part.

Pocketing.—A gentleman from New York, named L. C. Carter, while reading the play bill in front of the National Theatre, on Friday evening, had his pocket book stolen containing over $1800 in promissory notes, payable to L. C. Carter & Co. and about $50 in bank notes of the state of New York.

Singular.—It was remarked on Saturday by many persons, a difference of at least five degrees in the temperature of the atmosphere on the Delaware and Schuylkill. After passing Broad street westward, a change to a colder temperature was soon perceptible.

The Grand Jury.—Among the true bills found by the Grand Jury on Wednesday, one was against Daniel M'Laughlin, late an Attorney of the Court of General Sessions, for misdemeanor in receiving a stolen note.

Medical Lectures.—The medical lectures began, in this city, on Monday last. We understand that as large a number of students are enrolled at the different medical colleges here as in any former year.

Selling Lottery Tickets.—On Wednesday, Alderman Griscom bound over in $500, P. S. Clawges, to answer the charge of selling lottery tickets contrary to the law of the State.

Accident.—On Monday a young man named Cole, a cab driver, was thrown from his vehicle and run over. One of his legs was broken.

### Remarkable Escape.

It is stated in the Baltimore American, that Mr. John Dougherty, who was so dreadfully injured some time since by being crushed between a car and the side wall of the ticket-office, at the Railroad depot, has so far recovered as to be enabled to leave there for his home at Lancaster, Pa.

"The case of Mr. D. is a remarkable instance of escape from the very jaws of death. His recollection of the sensations experienced during the accident is distinct, and fearful indeed. His first expectation was that the car would be stopped; but it continued to advance, and thus increased the pressure—those parts of his body which were the most prominent being the first to feel the effects of the crush. In a moment or two he felt his ribs giving way—and to this succeeded the terrible sensation connected with the violent injection of the blood from the body to the head, which felt to him like a burning flame suddenly passing from the latter to the former. At this moment he became senseless, and the car was immediately thereafter stopped and removed backward for his release—the body falling to the ground as that of a dead man. His return to reanimation he described as though he were under the effect of an unpleasant dream, from which he felt conscious he would be relieved when he awoke. To those who saw him after the accident it appeared impossible that he could survive."

### The Fever at Vicksburg.

The Vicksburg Sentinel of the 19th furnishes the following melancholy picture of the ravages of the epidemic at that place:

"The disease is still going ahead. New cases occur daily, though it is not as malignant as formerly, and consequently there are fewer deaths. Our absent citizens must not be in a hurry returning. There will be no safety until after a good hard frost. Should a large influx of fresh and hearty subjects now come in and afford food for the disease, it would soon rage as violently as ever.

In the early period of the disease ladies and children were, comparatively, exempt from the fever. But lately many ladies have been attacked. Mrs. Judge Lane, formerly noticed, and Mrs. William B. Pryor, are now convalescent and fast recovering. Mrs. Winn has been dangerously ill, and Mrs. Fountain has entirely recovered. Several new and violent cases occurred the night before last.

Mrs. Riddle, Mrs. James Gwin, Mrs. Morris and several other ladies. Mr. Scannell, our neighbor, Mr. McCardle, with a dozen more, have all been taken down since our last publication. We regret to learn that Col. Alfred Cox lies at the point of death."

### Somnambulism Extraordinary.

A most extraordinary feat was performed last week by a gentleman of Cayuga county, engaged as a juror, and lodging in one of the hotels at Auburn. The jury had been engaged on a very trying case for several hours—not closing their labors till near midnight—soon after which the individual alluded to retired to rest. To make use of his own explanation since, he had not long been asleep before his mind became greatly agitated. He imagined himself attacked by a body of Indians—from whom, in attempting to flee, he jumped out of bed—and, after a few well directed blows at the window, bounded out. The distance from the window to the ground is *twenty feet*; and a solid walk of limestone was there to receive him. His alarm still continued, and he started off to escape the imaginary foe, for some fifty rods, when he was overtaken by some gentlemen, who, lodging in the same room, had been awakened by his movements only in time to witness his exit from the window, and had proceeded with all haste for his recovery. When taken, he was still asleep; and so continued till after his return to the Exchange in their care. Singular enough, a slight pain, and a little blistering of his feet, are the only inconveniences this notable exploit has occasioned the performer.

### From Havana.

Havana dates have been received at New Orleans to October 17th.

The ravages committed by the yellow fever this year at Havana have been uncommonly malignant. We perceive by the comparative statement published in the Noticioso y Lucero of the 15th, that during the month of June, 1841, four hundred and twenty-four persons died in three hospitals, while during the same month of the year preceding, but seventy-six were carried off. The total number of interments for June, 1841, was four hundred and eighty-eight, and for June, 1840, four hundred and sixty-two. It is perceived that the difference of mortality in the two years is not considerable, and yet the journals affirm that the fever has been more malignant than ever this season. The small increase of deaths is attributed by the Noticioso to the superior skill of the faculty. This comparison, be it remembered, is limited to one month only in each year.

We learn that great discontent prevails among the creoles at Havana, in consequence of an apprehended treaty by which the English Government may obtain privileges in the Island of Cuba. Nothing of the kind is noticed in the papers, as the press is rigidly purged of every thing like political discussion.

### A Verdict.

The suit brought by the United States Government against the United States Bank, of which we gave an account some time since, has been terminated by a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

### From the Pacific.

*Arrival of the Constitution—U. S. Frigate.*

The United States Frigate Constitution arrived in Hampton Roads on Thursday week, one hundred and ten days from Lima, Peru, via Rio Janeiro, Brazil, forty-five days from the latter place. Mr. DePonte Brazilian Minister to Peru, came passenger in the Constitution to Rio Janeiro.

The Constitution left Callao on the 11th of July last. The United States Ship "Dale" and Schooner Shark accompanied her two days out. The D. returned to Callao, and the Shark sailed for Valparaiso and Talcahuana, Chili. All well.

The following changes of officers took place previous to the vessels separating. Lieutenant James E. Brown exchanged with Lieutenant W. W. Bleecker, of the "Dale." Lieutenant B. exchanging with Lieutenant W. A. Wirts of the Shark; Lieutenant W. joining the Constitution. Passed Midshipmen M. Hunt of the Shark exchanged with Midshipman J. Cooper, of the C. Midshipman J. S. Maury ordered from Shark to Constitution. Midshipman W. W. Polk joined the C. from the Store Ship Relief. The R. was left at Callao all well. The St. Louis was on the Western Coast of Mexico. The "Yorktown" had sailed for Sandwich Islands.

At the time of the Constitution's leaving Peru, the political state of the country was quiet, the "Vevanco Revolution" having been put down by Gamarra and his troops. The impressions were, that General Gamarra and *his party*, with the Army at their command, might hold out another year, though the opposition was gaining strength.

A Revolution had taken place in Bolivia, which once more placed General Santa Cruz as President of *that* republic!

The Constitution left Rio Janeiro on the 15th of September; left there the U. S. Frigate Potomac, Sloop Marion, and Schooner Enterprise, all well. The two latter just in from a cruise.

Commodore Charles G. Ridgely, late Commander of our Naval force on the Coast of Brazil, and his Secretary, G. P. Stevenson, Esq. came passengers in the Constitution from Rio Janeiro.

The Constitution has been in Commission since January, 1839, and has returned home, that her crew may be paid off and discharged at the expiration of their three years enlistment. Although a large number of her crew's term of service is out, there should be no complaints, as the term expired, generally, on the passage home.

We are glad that the Government is paying attention to the important subject, of having our vessels of war at home in time to discharge their crews when their term of enlistment (three years) has expired. It will tend to make the Naval Service popular; our Naval Service is one of *voluntary* enlistment. Therefore, when our seamen *faithfully* comply with their contract with the Country, the Government should not fail in theirs with the seamen, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, for which the law of Congress of March 2d, 1837, provides.

The C. has been employed in the Gulf of Mexico, West Indies, Brazil and Pacific Ocean; has been at sea about four hundred days, and sailed over fifty thousand miles. She has been an active cruiser, giving protection to our citizens and commerce wherever she went. We take occasion to welcome the return of the favorite old ship, and hope that ere long, the officers and crew will be with their families and friends.

The following list of officers now on board the Constitution, has been politely sent to us for publication, which we do with pleasure, for the information of their friends:

Captain—Daniel Turner, Esq.
Commander—Edward W. Carpender.
Lieutenants—Thomas D. Shaw, 1st; William Smith, 2d; Peter Turner, 3d; William A. Wurts, 4th; Alexander Gibson, 5th; George M. McCreary, 6th.
Surgeon—Thomas Dillard.
Purser—McKean Buchanan.
Acting Master—Lewis C. Sartori.
Lieutenant Marines—Jabez C. Rich.
*Acting Chaplain—John F. Girard.
Passed Midshipmen—M. Hunt, F. S. Haggerty.
Assistant Surgeons—C. Maxwell, S. Jackson.
Midshipmen—W. C. B. S. Porter; *C. Smith; C. R. Jones; S. Brent; T. R. Kenlock; J. P. McFarland; W. Roberts; J. S. Maury; C. Hays; A. K. Hughes; H. S. Arnold; *W. E. Hopkins; J. Day, R. S. Renshaw; W. W. Polk; *E. Simpson; *F. P. Wheelock; J. F. Sperry.
Acting Masters Mate—E. F. Olmstead. Captain's Clerk—G. Walker. Boatswain—R. H. O'Neil. Gunner—G. Newman. Carpenter—J. Cahill. Sail Maker—N. B. Peed. Pursers Assistant—William C. Cardwell.

Note—Those officers marked (thus) * joined the Constitution at Rio Janeiro, from the U. S. Frigate Potomac.

Accident.—The Albany Daily says that the driver of the Catskill land mail had a narrow escape for his life on Friday week. The sulkey in which the mail is carried, was run away with by a restive horse, and when near Mr. Corning's farm was upset, by the horse pitching headforemost into a hole. The horse was killed on the spot, the sulkey broken to pieces, and the driver, although thrown with great violence from the carriage, escaped with a few severe bruises.

COMMUNICATED.

To the Editors of the Saturday Evening Post.

Gentlemen,—Aware of the deep interest you take in the progress of the arts—and your willingness to promote scientific improvements—I am induced to trespass on your columns.

On Saturday last I visited Mr. Knauff's organ manufactory No. 212 North Fifth street, and examined the large organ built for the Episcopal Church in Canandaigua, New York, and should consider it a dereliction of duty toward the builder and the musical public were I not to speak of its merits.

It has two sets of keys, and contains twenty stops—the *great organ* possesses immense power, and is remarkable for its body of tone—the open diapason is round and full—the *sesqualtra* and cornet, being turned on a new principle, strengthens and enriches the tone without producing that harshness so obvious in most organs—the flute possesses a clearness and pureness of tone rarely heard—the swell is very effective—the two dulcianas possess a delicacy and ready quality of tone unsurpassed. The reed stops are rich, full, and unusually prompt in answering to the touch; (a lamentable defect in many fine organs)—there is also a peculiar indescribable blending in some of the mixtures of the stops produced by the nice adjustment of the degrees of power, creating new qualities of tone. There are conveniences for showing off the different stops by means of pedals superior to any I have ever seen, (this is not surprising, Mr. Knauff being a fine performer on the instrument, and consequently having felt the need of these aids.) There is an evenness and regularity in the voicing which is truly admirable. The touch of the keys is remarkably facile, and the stops open and close with smoothness and ease. The pedal notes are solid and full, and the tone of a fine texture. The admirable ease and precision which characterises every movement belonging to the instrument, proclaims Mr. Knauff an artist of the first order—and I have never seen an organ of the same calibre possessing so many excellent qualities. Several fine performers were present who expressed themselves highly pleased. It is with pleasure that I add, that these remarks are entirely unsolicited by Mr. Knauff or his friends.

B. S. BARCLAY.

Philada. Oct. 27th, 1842.

### Retail Prices in Market.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beef, best, per lb. | 8a 9 | Indian Meal, ½ peck, | 8a10 |
| " middling, | 5a 8 | Rye Flour, qr. cwt. | 56a62½ |
| " Corned, | 6a 8 | Wheat " " | 94a81 |
| Veal, | 5a 8 | Buckwheat, " | 75a87½ |
| Mutton, | 5a 6 | Butter, lb. | 20a25 |
| Lamb, per qr. | 75a81 | " Tub, | 18a20 |
| Pork, fresh, per lb. | 5a 7 | Lard, " | 10a12½ |
| " pickled, " | 6a 8 | Smearcase, qt. | 5a 6 |
| Hams, Jersey, | 10a12½ | Cheese, " | 6a12½ |
| Jowls, | 4a 6 | Eggs, per doz. | 17a19 |
| Dried Beef, | 10a12½ | Pease, ½ peck, | 10a14 |
| Beef's Tongue, | 50a62½ | Apples, ½ pk | 10a18¾ |
| Pigs, whole, | 50a81¼ | Potatoes, " | 7a 8 |
| Pigs' Feet, set, | 10a12 | Tomatoes, qr. peck, | 4a 6 |
| Sheep Tongues, doz. | 18a25 | Sweet Potatoes, " | 6a 7 |
| Fresh Tripe, per lb. | 4a 6 | Parsnips, qr. peck, | 3a 4 |
| Sausages, stuffed, lb. | 7a 8 | Pickles, per 100, | 37a40 |
| " Jersey, | 10a12½ | Beets, bunch, | 3a 5 |
| Blood Pudding, | 7a 8 | Carrots, bunch, | 2a 3 |
| Souse Cheese, lb | 10a12½ | Turnips, qr. peck, | 6a 7 |
| Scrapple, per lb. | 5a 6 | Onions, rope, | 5a 7 |
| Fowls, pair, | 56a75 | Lima Beans, | 8a10 |
| Chickens, pair, | 37a50 | Dried Peaches, ¼ pk. | 31a44 |
| " " Live, | 31a50 | " Apples, ¼ pk | 25a31¼ |
| Turkeys, | 75a81¼ | Horseradish, root, | 2a 3 |
| Pigeons, pair, | 25a31¼ | Hominy, quart, | 8a10 |
| Ducks, pair, | 62a75 | Honey, per lb. | 14a15 |
| Geese, | 62a75 | String Beans, ¼ pk | 6a 8 |
| Guinea Fowls, pair, | 37a50 | Cabbage, head, | 3a 5 |
| Rabbits, | 15a20 | Rhubarb, bunch | 4a 5 |
| Opossum, | 20a30 | Cellery, " | 3a 4 |
| Salmon, pickled, lb. | 11a12½ | Egg Plants, " | 5a 6 |
| " fresh, | 20a25 | Radishes, bunch | 1a 2 |
| " dry, lb. | 23a25 | Peppers, basket, | 20a25 |
| Pickled Cod, " | 4a 5 | Pickles, " | 25a37½ |
| Fresh, " | 7a 8 | Preserving Melon, | 6a10 |
| Perch, string, | 12a31¼ | Dried Cherries, qt. | 7a 8 |
| Rock, lb. | 12a37½ | Cranberries, qt | 8a10 |
| Lobsters, live, lb. | 8a10 | Chesnuts, per qt. | 8a12½ |
| Terrapins, doz. | $3a$4 | Chinquopins, " | 10a12½ |
| Clams, per 100, | 20a25 | Walnuts, " | 5a 6 |
| Eels, per string, | 6a12 | Shellbarks, per qt. | 5a 6 |
| Crabs, per doz. | 18a25 | Balsam, each, | 3a 4 |

The market this week is unusually well filled with Poultry; and also with Pork, from the little rooster that mounts the dinner table whole to those of the large growth. Beef has come down a cent or more on the pound, and the best may now be bought at 8 a 9 cents. Butter and Eggs are both something lower than last week. Fish are more plenty, but not in any great variety. Vegetables are abundant, good and cheap. Fruit—There is comparatively none in market.—*Public Ledger.*

### Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Quercitron is dull of sale, at $27a28,50 per ton for 1st quality.

Cotton—Prices are firm, with moderate sales.

Coffee—Another cargo of Rio Coffee have arrived, but it is not yet landed. The market being better supplied, the transactions have become more extensive. Sales of 2500 to 3000 bags Rio at 10½ to 12 cts per lb; 200 bags of it from the Brandywine scargo, at 12 cts. 6 months for good green. The sales show a slight advance in prices, considering the quality.

Fruit—A cargo of over 3000 boxes Malaga Fruit was offered by auction, and 335 boxes Bunch Raisins were sold at $1.75 to 1.80; 20 hf do. 87½; 25 qr do. 55 cts. The balance was withdrawn for better prices.

Flour and Meal.—There is no change in the price of Flour, but the demand has become less active. Sales of common and fair brands at $6.25 per bbl, for export. The receipts continue limited. Rye Flour is held at $3.50. Corn Meal in bbls ranges from $2.81¼ to 2.87½ per bbl.

Grain.—Southern Wheat is arriving more freely, and there is a fair demand for the supply of millers. Sales of fair to prime quality at $1.31 to 1.34, and very prime at $1.35; Penna. at $1.34 to 1.35 per bushel for good to prime. Rye is wanted at 67 to 69 cents. Corn—Prices have slightly advanced. Large sales of round yellow at 65; flat do. 63, and white at 61a62 cts. Oats—sales of Southern at 43 cts.

Hides—An import of 3000 Ox and Cow arrived from Buenos Ayres on Monday, but they are not yet landed.

Molasses—Prices are steady, with limited sales.

Provisions—There is no change in the Provision market worthy of notice, and the sales have been limited.

Sugar—Prices are steady, with sales of about 200 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 6¾a7 cts for the former, and 7 to 7¾ cts for the latter.

Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 20 cts; hhds are without demand, and prices are unsettled.—*North American.*

### Burglaries at Germantown.

The Germantown Telegraph says,—On Wednesday night last, several burglaries were committed in this place. That on the dwelling of Mr. Jacob S. Royal, was probably the most extensive. The villains entered through the window, by boring the shutter, and stole various articles to the value of twenty-five or thirty dollars. Had the sash been secured, as we have a dozen times recommended, their entrance could not have been effected. The shutters of two other houses were bored the same night, but the sash being locked, the fellows decamped without accomplishing their object. Two churches, the upper Lutheran and the Methodist, were also entered, but no property, except a table cover, from the latter, was missing. The sextons generally remove all the property of value from our churches, after night service.

### ALMANAC.

| Nov 1841. | Sun rises | Sun sets | High water | Moon's phases |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 Saturday, | 6 56 | 5 4 | 8 44 | |
| 7 Sunday, | 6 57 | 5 3 | 9 35 | D. H. M. |
| 8 Monday, | 6 58 | 5 2 | 10 24 | |
| 9 Tuesday, | 6 59 | 5 1 | 11 11 | |
| 10 Wednesday, | 7 0 | 5 0 | 11 58 | Last 5 11 29 |
| 11 Thursday, | 7 1 | 4 59 | 12 47 | New 13 12 44 |
| 12 Friday, | 7 3 | 4 57 | 1 27 | First 21 1 24 |
| 13 Saturday, | 7 4 | 4 56 | 2 6 | Full 28 1 49 |

## Married.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Saxon E. Warren, to Miss Anne Brooke, both of Manayunk.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. C. D. Keyser, Chas. F. Brevoor, to Charlotte Read.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Henry Needham, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Saunders, of New York.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Robt. Quig, to Miss Cecelia C. Foreman, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 14th of March last, by Ald'n Barns, Mr. J. Fox, to Miss Elizabeth Holton, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Robt. T. Anderson, to Miss Sarah Bachonte, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Williamson, Mr. Joachim Creesman, to Miss Elizabeth Hurlock, all of this city.

On Fifth-day, the 28th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting house, Green street, Thomas C. Evans, to Elizabeth W. daughter of John Stokes, all this city.

On 3d-day evening, 26th ult. with Friends' ceremony, before Alderman McMichael, George W. Appleton, to Tacy Ann Shoemaker, both of the N. Liberties.

On Thursday morning, the 28th ult, by the Rev. Alexander Heberton, of Newark, Del. Henry F. Heberton, to Sophia Gray, daughter of Brittain White, both of this city.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. John Ludlow, D. D. James H. Castle, to Phœbe A. Dick, daughter of the late Archibald T. Dick, Esq. of Delaware county.

On the same evening, by the same, E. Otis Kendall, to Emma L. Dick, youngest daughter of the late Archibald T. Dick, Esq. of Delaware county.

On Thursday evening, the 16th ult. by Alderman James Redman, Mr. Jacob Dobbee, to Mrs. Mary Gufford, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 19th ultimo, by the same, Mr. Wm. Wattman, to Miss Julia Hamilton, all of this city.

On Fifth-day, the 28th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting house, Green street, Joshua L. Hallowell, to Taressa J. daughter of Emmor and Lydia Kimber, all of this city.

At Wilmington, Del. on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Lee, the Rev. John W. McCullough, to Catharine R. daughter of James Canby, Esq.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. Virgil Foster Harrison, to Miss Catherine Stilwell, all of Philadelphia.

In Montrose, Pa. on the 18th ult. by the Rev. H. A. Riley, Maj. M. C. Tyler, to Miss Cornelia C. daughter of Almond H. Read, Esq.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. George B. Ide, Thomas B. Morgan, to Margaretta Simon, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Clay, George Hampton, to Martha Crow, both of Upper Merion.

On Fourth-day, 27th ult. at Friends' Meeting house, 12th street, Israel Maule, to Martha, daughter of Lindsey Nicholson, all of this city.

At Charleston, S. C. on the 28th ult. by the Rev. R. Post, Peter B. Simons, of this city, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Thompson, Esq. of Charleston.

On the 16th of September, by the Rev. Mr. Shields, John King, Esq. of Phœnixville, Chester county, to Miss Mary C. McFarland, of Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Henry Reivell, of Delaware, to Mary Weimer, of Northumberland, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Andrew Smith, of Blockley, to Miss Louisa Smith, of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. John Dungan, to Miss Eliza Boos, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. Samuel Redifer, to Miss Matilda Mathers, both of Spring Garden.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. George Lacey, Mr. George Cooper, to Miss Mary Righter, all of Kensington.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. James Harman, of the N. Liberties, to Miss Margaret Brown, of Kensington.

At Williamsport, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bradbury, William Kline, Esq. of Harrisburg, to Miss Mary, daughter of Thos. Hays, Esq. of the former place.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. Edmund W. Lyons, to Miss Mary Ann Marsteller, all of this city.

In Washington, on Thursday, the 28th ult. by the Rev. John Davis, Mr. Lloyd Hayes, of Baltimore, to Miss Louisa Maria Young, of Washington, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Young, of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Mr. Isaac Darlington, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss Eliza, daughter of James Day, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. T. J. Waterman, Wm. McFarland, to Martha McDougal, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Capt. Elijah Townsend, to Elizabeth Fries, all of this city.

## Died,

On Thursday morning, Nov. 4th, Mrs. Eliza P. S. wife of Robert F. Mustin. Her friends and those of the families with which she stood connected, are respectfully invited to attend her funeral from the residence of her father, James W. Simes, No. 459 Market near Thirteenth street, on Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock, without further notice.

On the 25th ult. at Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa. in the 31st year of her age, Lydia Hubley, wife of Thos. F. Potter, Esq. of Savannah, Ga. and daughter of Wm. Jenkins, Esq. of Lancaster.

At the Navy Yard, Pensacola, Fla. on the 15th ult. of the prevailing fever, Robert L. Meade, Esq. Secretary to Com. Dallas.

On the 2d inst. James C. Riley, in the 28th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Chiles, consort of B. B. Chiles, in the 51st year of her age.

On the 30th ult. of dropsy, David Simmons, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Charles Clayton.

On the 31st ult. Samuel Coleman, son of Nicholas Coleman, in the 16th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. in the 21st year of his age, Wm. Paterson O'Neill.

In Frankford, on the 30th ult. Henry Jones, son of J. B. Chevalier, aged 3 years.

On the 29th ult. Anthony Campbell, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 29th ultimo, Charles Gustavus, youngest son of Mathias Coates, aged 17 years.

On the 29th ult. William S. only son of Wm. S. and Mary Ann Magee, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Abby Willing, wife of Richard Peters, in the 65th year of her age.

At New Albany, Indiana, on the 10th ult. of congestive fever, Mary Box, wife of Mr. John Box, and daughter of Samuel Mathews, Esq. of Cape May, N. J. in the 28th year of her age.

At Uniontown, Pa. on the 17th ult. the Rev. John Morgan, Pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in that place, in the 36th year of his age.

On Tuesday night, 26th ult. Cadwallader Evans, Esq. in the 79th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. Susanna Eyre, in the 66th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. John T. Kerns, in the 17th year of his age, after a painful and severe illness.

Of the prevailing fever, at New Orleans, Oct. 16, Mary Ellen, wife of Charles W. Hornor, formerly of Philadelphia, and daughter of Jas. T. Talman, of New York.

On the 26th ult. Joseph Rober, Jr. aged 36 years.

On the 27th ult. Wm. Anderson, aged 36 years.

On the 16th ult. Elia Kirk, formerly of Bucks county.

On the 27th ult. Susan Ann Barroz, aged 30 years.

In Camden, on the 24th ult. Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Isaac H. and Esther Ann Porter.

On Saturday afternoon, after a short illness, Mary Ann C. A. Allen, the second daughter of the late Benj. Allen, aged 21 years.

On the 28th ult. Sarah Stafford, aged 28 years.

On the 29th ult. Francis Leatherman, aged 80 years, a revolutionary soldier.

On the 29th ult. Henry Young, a soldier of the revolution, aged 86 years.

At Savannah, on the 19th ult. aged 25 years, Sarah, formerly of Philadelphia, wife of Conrad Ludeke.

On the 10th ultimo, at Phœnixville, Chester county, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakman, formerly of this city, at the advanced age of 92 years.

On the 29th ultimo, after a protracted illness, Margaret Flanigen, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 27th ult. Geraldine Copeland, infant daughter of Bankson and Mary Johnson.

On the 30th ult. at the residence of his son, George Roberts, at Willistown, Pa. Dr. Jos. Roberts, aged 58 years.

On the 30th ult. James Duck, aged 32 years.

On the 25th ult. George Galt, formerly of Port Elizabeth, N. J. aged 62 years.

In Newbern, N. C. on the 12th ult. W. W. Thompson, cooper, lately of Philadelphia.

On Monday afternoon, the 1st inst. Capt. John Meany.

At Mifflin, on the 23d ult. Mr. Abraham Shirke, of Philadelphia, in the 67th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 1st inst. Miss Isabella, daughter of Cato and Isabella Collins, in 23d year of her age.

On the 31st ult. in the 69th year of her age, Mrs. Tacy Baker.

On the 1st inst. Mr. George Kelk, in the 73d year of his age.

On the 1st inst. after a severe illness, Mrs. Margaret Lutze.

### Health Office, Oct. 30, 1841.

INTERMENTS

*In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.*

From the 23d to the 30th of October.

| Diseases. | Adults. | Children. | Diseases. | Adults. | Children. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apoplexy, | 3 | 0 | Brought over, | 36 | 25 |
| Burns, | 1 | 0 | Gangrene, | 1 | 0 |
| Cancer, | 1 | 0 | Hæmaturia, | 1 | 0 |
| —Womb, | 1 | 0 | Inflammation of the Brain, | 0 | 1 |
| Casualties, | 0 | 2 | —Breast, | 0 | 1 |
| Croup, | 0 | 2 | —Bronch. | 1 | 1 |
| Congestion of Brain, | 1 | 2 | —Lungs, | 1 | 5 |
| Consumption of the Lungs, | 11 | 1 | —Stomach, | 1 | 0 |
| Convulsions, | 0 | 10 | —Liver, | 1 | 0 |
| Diarrhœa, | 0 | 2 | Marasmus, | 0 | 4 |
| Dropsy, | 2 | 0 | Measles, | 0 | 1 |
| —Head, | 1 | 2 | Metrorrhagia, | 1 | 0 |
| Disease of Brain, | 2 | 0 | Mania a Potu, | 1 | 0 |
| —Heart, | 1 | 0 | Morbus Coxarius, | 0 | 1 |
| —Uterus, | 1 | 0 | Old Age, | 3 | 0 |
| Dysentery, | 1 | 0 | Palsy, | 1 | 0 |
| Debility, | 1 | 0 | Rupture of Aorta, | 1 | 0 |
| Enlargement of Liver, | 1 | 0 | Sore Mouth, | 0 | 1 |
| Effects of Laudanum, | 1 | 0 | Small Pox, | 3 | 11 |
| Fever, Remittent, | 3 | 1 | Still Born, | 0 | 9 |
| —Brain, | 1 | 0 | Tabes Mesenterica, | 0 | 1 |
| —Typhus, | 2 | 0 | Ulceration of Stomach, | 1 | 0 |
| —Typhoid | 0 | 1 | | | |
| Carried over, | 36 | 25 | Total, 115— | 53 | 62 |

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

### State of the Thermometer.

| | 9 o'clock. | 12 o'clock. | 3 o'clock. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 24, | 45 | 49 | 52 |
| 25, | 37 | 40 | 43 |
| 26, | 39 | 45 | 54 |
| 27, | 44 | 55 | 60 |
| 28, | 44 | 49 | 54 |
| 29, | 52 | 59 | 60 |
| 30, | 55 | 56 | 60 |

### Frightful Incendiarism.

On Monday morning, in Baltimore, about three o'clock, an alarm of fire was given, which was found to proceed from the burning of a stable, owned by Mr. Robert Russel, situate at the corner of Canal and Wilk streets. The stable was entirely consumed, an adjoining building considerably damaged, and melancholy to relate—out of nineteen cows which were in the stable, sixteen of them were literally burned to a crisp; and a fine horse, though still alive, burnt in such a shocking manner as to present a sight truly pitiable indeed. This is stated to have been the work of a base incendiary, and if so, we most sincerely hope that the unhallowed wretch may speedily be brought to endure punishment in as sudden a manner as the severe loss sustained by Mr. Russel was unexpected to him, who, we are informed, is a worthy and industrious citizen, and upon whom this loss, being over one thousand dollars, will fall very heavily. The firemen were, as usual, early upon the spot, but the flames had made so much progress that their efforts only availed in saving the adjoining buildings.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS WHO BUY FOR CASH. *New Hat, Cap, and Fur Manufactory, No. 8 South 3d street, 4 doors below Market, West side.*

The subscribers, importers of Furs and Practical manufacturers of Hats and Caps of every description, would invite the attention of merchants who pay cash, and wish to get the worth of their money, to their stock, where they will find their goods fully ten per cent. lower than at any other in the city, and for the obvious reason, their terms being Cash, they are not under the necessity of charging those who pay an extra profit to make up the losses on those who do not.

RAYMOND & DE YOUNG, No. 8 South Third street.
nov 6 6m

E. MIDDLETON, SURGEON DENTIST, NORTH FOURTH street, above Callowhill.

If your teeth are decayed or coated with tartar, have them immediately plugged and cleaned.

*Charges.*—Complete Set of Teeth, $50 to $100 00
Single Tooth, 2 00
Plugging a Tooth, 50 cents to 1 00

Middleton's *Tooth Powder*, or *Paste*, for cleansing, preserving, and whitening the Teeth, and sweetening the breath, 25 cents. Middleton's *Canker Powder*, for sore mouth, either of children or adults 25 cents. Middleton's *Toothache Drops*, 25 cents, which will effect a permanent cure, and the cavity, if large, should be filled with the *Prussian Cement*, which becomes perfectly hard in one hour after the tooth is plugged. I have had my own teeth experimented on for the last ten years with red or other cements and gold ornaments, and now confidently recommend the *Cold Prussian Cement*, which is used without pain to the patient. nov 6 3m

WINTER MILLINERY.—Misses Johnson, No. 266 Chesnut street, have received a large assortment of French Millinery, which they will open on Wednesday, October 27th. oct 30 3t

ILLINOIS Land Agency for payment of Taxes, redeeming Lands sold for Taxes, examining records, &c. A. W. Brown at Joliet (on the Ills. and Michigan Canal) will attend to the above business and refers to

Hon. S. M. Roberts, Senator from Illinois
E. P. Hurlbut, Esq. 73 Cedar street, N. Y.
Wm. B. Ogden, Arnold & Ogden, Scammon & Judd, } Chicago, Ills.
Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase, Robin's Nest, Ills. oct 2-3m

HEALTH! HEALTH!! HEALTH!!!
RESTORED & LIFE PRESERVED by Dr. JAYNE'S Medical Preparations.

THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents* of *Colleges*, *Physicians* of the *Army* and *Navy*, and of *Hospitals* and *Almshouses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations are so generally known and so universally appreciated that it is only necessary to mention their names and of whom they may be obtained. They consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent the falling off or turning GREY.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, PILES, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required.

The public are assured in the most positive and unequivocal terms, that in recommending the above preparations no deception has been used, nor artifice employed to elevate them above their merits, but that it is now beyond dispute, that no preparations have ever acquired so universal and such deserved popularity.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. aug 14 3m

FRESH Turnip Seeds, Crop 1841.—For sale by the subscribers, Fresh Turnip Seeds, of the following highly superior kinds, warranted genuine.

White Flat Dutch, Red or Blue Top, White Flat or Globe, Early Garden Stone, Swan's Egg, Yellow Aberdeen, Yellow Stone, Long Yellow French, Large Yellow and Extra Purple Top Ruta Baga, English Norfolk, Yellow Maltese, Large White Green Top, *splendid for winter use*, and Dale's Hybrid Turnip. The above are all of the finest and most delicate flavored kinds.

Lettuce Seeds, in season—White and Yellow Turnip, fine for fall, and Black and White Spanish, for fall and winter use; fresh Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers for spring plants; Sea Kale; Hardy Lettuce of sorts for winter and spring use; Cress or Mustard; Corn Salad, &c. for fall and winter Salads.

New Spinach.—Riley's Savoch Spinach. Description—"It resembles in appearance, the Savoy, with the exception of the size, which is several times larger, and the quality far superior. The leaf is perfectly smooth, and the whole plant is quite hardy, standing the severest winters without injury. The seed should be sown (from first to the end of September,) in drills on rich well manured ground, and the plants thinned out to one foot apart. Each plant is full the size of half bushel if properly cultivated."

"It must be considered a great acquisition."
Hovey's Horticultural Magazine.

Pickle, Gherkin and Mango Seeds, in season for sowing. Choice Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, to bloom the ensuing spring and summer; the present is the best season for planting; boxes containing assortments, 20 fancy sorts, $1. Canary and other Birds, fresh Bird Seeds, Bird Cages, Cattle Fish Bone for Canaries. Agricultural and Horticultural Books, &c.

With the largest and most complete assortment warranted Vegetable, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds of the choicest kinds and purest quality to be found in Philadelphia.

Catalogues of the entire collection sent gratis on post paid application to HIBERT, Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 27 south 4th street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. july 31-tf

CURE for Deafness—Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains in the ears, and also all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attended with the disease.

The application of the oil produces no pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation. The recipe for this medicine has been obtained from an English Aurist of great reputation, who has found from long observation, that deafness, in nineteen cases out of twenty, was produced either from a want of action in the nerves of hearing, or a dryness in the ears, his object therefore was to find something that would create a healthy condition in those parts. After a long series of experiments with the Kreosote, in combination with a great number of other medicines, his efforts were at last crowned with success, in the discovery of this preparation, which has received the name of SCARPA'S COMPOUND KREOSOTE ACOUSTIC OIL. It has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that from pure motives of humanity, it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficacy. A long list of certificates might be given, but such is the confidence in the medicine, and so high has been its reputation, that no use will be made of them, knowing also, that the names of Dr. this one, Professor that one, and General such a one, when appended to certificates of specific medicines, are in the majority of cases all a "humbug." It is only necessary to add, that this medicine has been recommended and used by many of the best physicians and surgeons in Europe and in this country.

Full directions accompany each bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by D. JAYNE No. 20 south Third street, and R. Blair, corner of Eighth & Walnut sts. Philadelphia, also by most of the Druggists in the city. Price 2 dollars a bottle. aug 7-3m

NICKINS, HAIR CUTTER,
Number 107 North Ninth Street.
Particular attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Heating Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 78 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Heating Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. used with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23-1y

BOWEL and Summer Complaints cured by Dr. Jayne's CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—Darlington, Beaver Co. Feb. 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son, when about two months old, was seized with a bowel complaint, caused as I supposed by a change of diet—it continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to that disease. But I providentially heard of "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE" as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked; and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," and the result was a speedy cure. From a knowledge of the efficacy of Dr. Jayne's medicines, I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours, Arthur B. Bradford, *Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.* aug 14-3m

Prepared by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD st. Philadelphia.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

RESTORATION of the Hair.—Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 12, 1839—*Dr. D. Jayne*—Sir I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of *Hair Tonic* which I obtained of you last October has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using a bottle of the "Tonic" I have to inform you that I have as good a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. Park, Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. JAYNE 20 south THIRD street, Philada. Price $1. aug 14 3m

IMPORTANT! ASTHMA CURED.—Putnam, Ohio May 18, 1831—Dear Sir—Dr. Helmick has used some 8 or 10 bottles of your *Expectorant*, and has found decided benefit. His health is better than for several years past, and his appearance indicates decided improvement in health. His confidence in your medicine has induced him to recommend it to his friends, and we are informed that many of them have been benefited, and others greatly relieved. Potts & Graham. Dr. D. Jayne. aug 14-3m

☞ Prepared only at No. 20 south THIRD st. Philada.

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 70 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 10 1y

THE BEST METHOD FOR THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE, IS TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BODY.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, *of the North American College of Health, are now acknowledged to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of*

EVERY VARIETY OF DISEASE,

Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of head ache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, pains in the bones, rheumatism and gout, but of every malady incident to man.

SAID INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid Fevers, because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of

FEVERS.

So, also, when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings, called

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with according to directions, will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that Rheumatism, Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally

DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing

HEADACHE, GIDDINESS,

Nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of

CATCHING COLD,

The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before. The same may be said of

ASTHMA,

Or Difficulty of Breathing. The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough, phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause, not only of the above distressing complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that still more dreadful malady, called

CONSUMPTION.

It should be also remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for

PAIN IN THE SIDE,

Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver, because they purge from the body those impurities which, if deposited upon that important organ, are the cause of every variety of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When a nation is convulsed by riots, outbreaks and rebellions, the only sure means of preventing the dreadful consequences of a

CIVIL WAR,

Is to expel all traitors and evil disposed ones from the country.

In like manner, when pain or sickness of any kind indicates that the body is struggling with internal foes, the true remedy is to

EXPEL ALL MORBID HUMORS,

(Traitors to life,) AND HEALTH WILL BE THE CERTAIN RESULT.

AS A FURTHER PROOF

That the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the Laws which govern the animal economy; and if properly carried out by the use of the above named

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Will certainly result in the complete abolition of Disease, we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Jamaica, L. I. June 9, 1841.

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction that I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by the use of your Indian Vegetable Pills.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the care of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your Pills however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them, according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make a trial of your extraordinary medicine, I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the same if you think proper. Yours, &c. G. C. BLACK.

New York, June 10, 1841.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health, and can conscientiously assert that for PURIFYING THE BLOOD AND RENOVATING THE SYSTEM, I have received more benefit from their use than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with.

I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend,
CHARLES M. TATE,
No. 60 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills: Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pain in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to say have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt, by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted, and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use.

I remain, yours sincerely,
HENRY A. FOOTE,
Warwasing, Ulster Co. New York.

New York, Sept. 27, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, with the greatest benefit, having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.

ANN MARIA THOMPSON,
292 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

CAUTION.

As there are at this time many wicked persons busily engaged in selling a counterfeit medicine under the name of the Indian Vegetable Pills;—and as these desperate men are so utterly reckless of consequences, that many valuable lives may be lost in consequence of using their dreadful compounds, the public are cautioned against purchasing any Pills, unless on the sides of the boxes the following wording is found:—

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
(*Indian Purgative,*)
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

And also to be especially guarded against purchasing said medicine except at the OFFICE AND GENERAL DEPOT, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA—or of the following respectable merchants, who have been appointed Agents for the sale of said Indian Vegetable Pills.

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Henry Frees, grocer, Germantown, Philadelphia county
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Peter Christ, Uniontown, Carroll
Robert Wright, Bladensburg, Prince George's
Mayo & Galloway, Belle Air, Harford
Andrew Kidd, Port Deposit, Cecil
George Reed, Greensboro, Caroline
Wolfe & Co. Easton, Talbot

NEW YORK.

Sydney B. Browne, Westchester, Westchester county
Thomas F. Hall, Brooklyn, Kings
Cornwell & Raisemore, Hempstead, Queens
Nathan Corwin, Riverhead, Suffolk
William Dewey, Tappan, Rockland
W. & Taylor & Co. Carmel, Putnam
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James Beebe, Sullivan, Madison
John Gandell, Esq. Hammondsport, Steuben
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☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.* oct 30—3m

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves into long balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philadelphia. 3m

# THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

### Farewell Lord John.

Then farewell Lord John in my breast,
He is not my choice, but mamma's.
Where reason I cannot discover
For wrapping his nose in the figure.

He's so short, and so fat, and so florid,
Without the least trace of the air,
So stately, so solemn, so stupid,
That he's always call'd herald Lord John.

The man is my sister envious,
Yet he calls every morning at one;
And if he being a minister envious,
To be crossed by herald Lord John.

If my cousin would use his influence—
If the Prince had but a use—
He fortune is so mercenary,
That I haven't a chance but Lord John.

I've been out for four winters and springs,
And this is the letter I've won!
Contemptible! if old maids scorn 'e such judgment
of things,
I'd have nothing to cry to Lord John!

### Solutions.

Answer to the Geographical Enigma of last week.—Sunday Evening Post, Salamanca, Bagdad, Amos, Troy, Union, Rouen, Dorset, Angra, Ventnor, Erie, Yuca, Egina, Navy, Sunion, Sagamore, Conway, Pine, Orange, Sussex, Tioga.

Answer to the Arithmetical Question of last week.—3, 12, 24, 48, 96.

### Critical Journals.

The French were the first who established critical journals, properly so called. The *Bibliothecs Parisiana* of Jacob was established in 1645. This, however, was only a yearly catalogue of new books, without remarks of any kind; but it is supposed to have suggested the idea of the *Journal des Sceaux*, which was commenced in 1665, by Denis De Salle, mechanical counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, and a man of eminent attainments. The journal was conducted with as much ability that it was not only soon imitated in other principal cities of Europe, but was itself translated into various language. It has been continued in Paris, with a few interruptions, to the present time, and has become an immense work.

As the *Journal des Sceaux* was the *vie doctor* of literary journals and reviews in Europe, in the form which they have since assumed, it will not be regarded out of place for us to insert here a brief account of its character and early history. It was a weekly publication, and contained reviews of the most popular and distinguished productions in every department of literature. Its style was bold and caustic, and exposed the editor to the resentment of the authors whose productions he held up to ridicule. From some, as D'Israeli remarks, it "excited loud murmurs, and the most heart-moving complaints. Bernon called the gazette of the new Aristarchus, *bribonnerry fame!*—and Menage, having published a lay-book, which Salle had treated with severe raillery, entered into a long argument, to prove, from Jacob, that according to Justinian, that a lawyer is not allowed to defend another lawyer, etc. *Scantant malediceret non licet, ne malediceret jus jusque est.* Others loudly declaimed against the tyranny of superiority, and then attempt to regulate the public opinion by that of an individual." To avoid the personal point of these complaints or for some other reason, which can only be conjectured, Du Salle published the journal, not in his own name, but in that of his *valet de chambre*, Sieur de Hedouville. Under this disguise, he conducted it, for a considerable time, without any assistance from his literary friends, but as he proceeded, he found it necessary to seek contributions from others. He thus availed himself of the aid of some of the most learned men of France. His conductors, however, like himself, conceived their duties to be intended for the fashion of reviewing anonymously, which has been followed by most modern English reviews, and on this account, of which we shall have occasion to remark hereafter.

### Religion in the U. States.

The state of religion in the United States is that phenomenon, perhaps, which strikes a stranger as the most extraordinary, in a country where everything is active, and where the greatest liberty has the usages and the experience which time has given to it. There every man must have a religion—he do not say that he must have piety—but he must believe in it, or he must affect to be a man of religious association. Every one must have a creed, though that creed be atheism. We should naturally expect, that the fevered activity of men, who are so devoted to the most extensive and complicated business operations, would be completely absorbed in material interests, and that no leisure would remain for attention to the interests of heaven and eternity. But the fact is otherwise. The very men who pack their love of industry and their fondness for trade to a sort of passion, carry their devotion to their religious opinions to enthusiasm. In the opinion of almost all who have visited America, their zeal for religion is owing to the perfect separation which there prevails between church and state. The greater the indifference of the state to the interests of Christianity, the greater is the ardour of individuals. Their scruples on this point are carried so far, that they are with pain, and tolerate with regret the bequests and the donations which are bestowed on their churches. The gift, it is considered, by making the church which receives it independent of its members, disunites their zeal and that of their pastor; and experience has given general currency to the opinion, that a man, supplied with salary for the support of religion, is better for the church and better for himself than a permanent, unbiassable income.

The separation of church and state in the more remarkable, the gradual introduction into a history, which began with a theocracy. The constitution of the first pilgrims who landed in Massachusetts was purely theocratic, both in its form and its principles; insomuch as the title of citizen was inseparable from that of church member. It was not till 1833 that this state destroyed the last vestige of the original element, by abolishing the ecclesiastical tax—to which public opinion had long been opposed—and by relinquishing to each church or parish the exclusive management of its concerns.

### A Batch of Puns.

A Baker, advertising, said
I wish to inform my kind friends
Not bread to making bread, however,
I need a man to knead.
Model, set, and in a shop I have
At Leeds, to take the lead.

Pot and Kettle.—"I say, Pete Beckton, what do debile you always want to cause de collouge so expectaciously, and employ such hyperbollane language in your diagonal conversation on de humble topics ob de day, dat require to be equilibrium-ated to de average standard of public comprehension, which nobber can and nobber will comprehend such superlunar expertiatrice!

"What dat you say, Sam! Look shoah, child—wid all dis scholar's collegium—diffimucation, and as profoundlumsy as Joe perflinated de mysterious ob dictionarial definitions, I meet confess dat de general tender ob your remarks am altogether too enforcement for my obtrusive intellect. Guess you went to school one day longer dah dis nigger, any how!"

The Difference Between Doubt and Certainty.—"Jones," said one disputant to another yesterday, "I know you don't like me; and I know why you don't like me: it is because you *believe* me to be a scoundrel!"

"You have guessed rightly," said Jones, "that is the reason why I antipathize so you."

"Well then, Jones," said the first speaker coolly, "I despise you, and I'll be candid with you in telling you why I do—I despise you because I feel certain you are a scoundrel—an unmitigated one."

Of course, if Jones' belief amounts to a certainty, they stand on an equal footing in their reciprocal estimate of each others character.

A Powerful Animal.—"Not a bad lunch, that," said a hungry fellow, at one of our hotels, yesterday; "but the cow which furnished the milk from which that butter was manufactured must have been a cow of extraordinary, unequalled, yea of herculean power.

"Why?" asked the bar-keeper.

"Because, the very butter is the strongest I ever tasted." The butter-plate cracked in an instant.

Refined Language.—"Oh dear! mother, I've got the cramp in my toe!" said a girl of a year, tripping into a house in Camp street.

"My darling, how vulgar you talk," said the expectant mother, "why could not you just as well have said, *I have a muscular contraction in one of my pedal extremities.*"

Boiling Hot.—A Pittsburg paper renders the old saying of "kettle calling pot black" after the following refined phraseology:—"one description of culinary utensils should not accuse the other of negligence."

A Strong Flatter.—A Yankee has invented a plaster so strong that it draws prints in lotteries, likewise, the most beautiful landscape views, also the wages to church, grand-counter rules from the barrels.

Personality.—"I see the redness in your face," said a western judge to a prisoner at the bar, "May't please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a *personal reflection, sure.*"

Financial Problem.—"Don't think of me," so the man said who met upon the point of being flung over the gallery into the pit, "but recollect those bonnets one."

Good Nature.—Making very particular inquiries relative to the health of a rich, sick and childless uncle.

From Graham's Magazine for December.

## The Reefer of '78.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

### The Rendezvous.

The arrival of our battered fleet in the Texel, was the signal for a disembarkation of the soldiers of England, Holland and France. The wreck of the encounter of with, was the secret transfer of the captured ships to the latter power, and an order from the Prince of Orange to quit his dominions. Accordingly, Paul Jones, having surrendered London in command of the Alliance, put to sea on the 17th of December, 1779, and, after crossing the gauntlet of the channel fleet, and approaching near enough to the Downs to examine its force, reached the roads of Groix on the 10th of February, 1780, in safety. As these things are matters of history, I briefly pass them over, the more readily because I did not myself accompany the commodore; for having found a letter from my captain, lying for me at Holland, requiring my return to Paris, I seized the first opportunity and quitted the France within a fortnight after the capture of the Serapis.

Our run through the straits was pleasant, and we had every prospect of a speedy voyage until our natural day arrived, when the wind freshened into a gale, and before night it was blowing, as the old tars had it, "great guns and marlinspikes." Every thing, however, was made fast and clean, and towards midnight I sought my hammock, and in a few minutes, with a sailor's carelessness, had forgotten our danger in sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was suddenly aroused from my slumbers by the heeling of the ship, and as I started up in my berth, I heard the salt water dashing through the cabin, and roaring in the hold as if the billheads were giving way. The lights were out, and I could see nothing; but I knew by the sound that the water was pouring in a cataract down the companion way, and that all escape, therefore, by that path was cut off. Could the ship be sinking!—had she broached to!—where were the crew? were the questions that rushed through my mind at that awful moment. I listened a second to hear, if I could, any sign of my fellow passengers in the cabin; but the place appeared to be deserted. Knowing that no time was to be lost, I sprang to the window in the stern, but—Good God! the dead lights were in, and all escape by that way was closed on me. Louder and louder roared the waters into the cabin, already they were dashing their cold spray around me, and in a few seconds they would submerge my berth. Death stared me in the face—death, too, in the most horrid form. My brain whirled, my knees shook, my skin felt cold as the grave, and my usually buoyant heart sank within me. But these feelings triumphed only for a moment. My native resolution came rushing to my aid, and I determined to die, since die I must, like the old philosopher who wrapped his garments around him and lay down as if to a pleasant sleep. At this instant I suddenly remembered that the cabin had an outlet overhead (I forgot going up my way) and that the ship was lying on her beam-ends, with cutracts of water rolling momently over her windward side. Oh! God, what a rain! Officers and seamen, passengers and crew, all all had been swept away by the devouring surge, and I alone was left, preserved almost by a miracle. I gazed to leeward, but only a waste of driving foam met my wearied sight, and I knew that I was the sole monarch of the deep, rolling mountains high, were seen. At this instant another deluge of foam, whistled past, blinding my eyes with spray, and jerking me with a giant's power from half my hold on the brine, bruised, despairing, and almost stunned, I thought my hour had come, and breathing a momentary prayer to heaven for mercy, I resigned myself to death. Suddenly my hand struck against something, which, with an instinctive love for life, I grasped. My progress was instantaneously checked, and, although the resistance almost snapped my arm from their socket, I felt a slight interest from the usages and the experience which time has given to me. There every man must have a religion—he do not say that he must have piety—but he must believe in it, or he must affect to be a man of religious association. Every one must have a creed, though that creed be atheism. We should naturally expect, that the fevered activity of men, who are so devoted to the most extensive and complicated business operations, would be completely absorbed in material interests, and that no leisure would remain for attention to the interests of heaven and eternity. But the fact is otherwise. The very men who pack their love of industry and their fondness for trade to a sort of passion, carry their devotion to their religious opinions to enthusiasm. In the opinion of almost all who have visited America, their zeal for religion is owing to the perfect separation which there prevails between church and state. The greater the indifference of the state to the interests of Christianity, the greater is the ardour of individuals. Their scruples on this point are carried so far, that they are with pain, and tolerate with regret the bequests and the donations which are bestowed on their churches. The gift, it is considered, by making the church which receives it independent of its members, disunites their zeal and that of their pastor; and experience has given general currency to the opinion, that a man, supplied with salary for the support of religion, is better for the church and better for himself than a permanent, unbiassable income.

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### Pittsburg and Environs.

Foot at Quesne.—How many of the present inhabitants of Pittsburg are those who know any thing about the "Old Fort!"—that it ever existed—what was the object of it—by what nation and at what time it was built—and what are the present traces of its existence? Not one, probably, in a hundred of our now diversified and multitudinous population!—Alas! that oblivion should throw his darkness pall over all that is worthy of being known and held in remembrance! The people of Pittsburg and its environs are a totally different race from those who first came from the old world, to dwell among the wild woods which skirted our rivers and streams; and having no bonds of consanguinity with the primitive settlers, it is seldom they look back in retrospection beyond their own day and generation. Perhaps many of our inhabitants know not that the present crowded city was once the favorite haunt where the red man dwelt; that the Frenchman found him out, incorporated himself in his wigwam, and with avaricious craft sought to possess the beautiful territory; and that the Briton afterwards came, dispossessed both the Indian and the Frenchman, and was in turn obliged to surrender his capital to a mighty people, who will place their foot on the soil we occupy, and hence few of us know the history and tradition of Fort du Quesne. A century has rolled away since the walls were constructed, but where is the gray-headed centenarian? The man alone is in the dust, and his work has crumbled away also. The war-whoop has long since ceased to be heard. The stirring times of "border warfare" have passed away. The war-trail on the heaver no more echoes to the tread of the shrill clarion is never heard around the Fort, and the drum calls no more to arms. Even of the walls of the "outer refuge" in those days there is not one stone left upon another, as it was originally laid.

Fort du Quesne, when we first saw it, stood upon a wide water common, towards the confluence of the waters of the Monongahela and Allegheny. It stood a solitary object, in a state of dilapidation, quite remote from any habitation. It looked like a green hillock, rising up gently from the plain.

The earth had been thrown up all of the sides and over the rounded arched tops of masonry, with the exception of the south western front of the structure. At this side, or rather end of the Fort, the earth had been removed, and the arches were protected with a thousand spikes, for greater strength. This front was of hewn stone, regularly cut in blocks, and polished almost to the smoothness of marble, and ornamented with appropriate devices cut on the gable, wrought by the sculptor's chisel. The wall was broken in many places as from the effect of cannon balls, while the door itself was covered with marks, as from a storm of bullets. Such was Fort Du Quesne, one hundred years ago! At that time it was a frequent resort for us juveniles: it was in fact, the playground of our boyhood. Many a time have we descended into its glooomy chambers, and with the boldness and true messengers of death, which the soldiery of former times had left behind them. The finding of a ball of four or five pounds weight, as was frequently the case in those explorations, was an affair of some moment, and the exhibition of the prize was a matter of exultation with our juvenile companions. At first it was a test of courage to go down into the vaults of the fort—it was so dark and gloomy, that we were more than half persuaded there was ghosts in the dungeons. We had been told of skeletons which had been found there, and the imagination was apt to conjure up the ghost of the soldier, and the warlike chieftain before us mailed coat, in helmet and plume, fierce in mustachoe, and gory with the blood of warfare! Our judgment, however, got the better of our fears, and we in time became so daring and adventurous as the best of our reckless companions.

The other day we felt a desire to visit the spot of the old fort, and accordingly bent our feet thither. When we had reached the place of its location, as we thought, it was so much changed, that we had to hearn of its demolition, and we began to suspect we had forgotten the landmarks of its whereabouts. We inquired of a Hibernian, who was singing as he worked in a cooper-shop hard by, where the old fort was. "Oh," said he, "it's nearer the point!" So we went farther down towards the point, but looked in vain for Fort du Quesne. At last we inquired again of an old man of the old fort stamped, and if he could point it out to us. "No," said he, "it is torn down, and there is a row of brick houses upon the site, but there is something of the walls left immediately opposite. Come with me—I am going past—if you want to see all that is left of the fort."

We thanked our chaperon, whom we found a loquacious yet sensible resident of that part of the town, and walked with him to the place. What was our astonishment to find the cooper shop on the very corner of the spot where Du Quesne once stood in its glory. The Hibernian was too knowing to be caught napping in any thing about the Fort, so he sent us out of the way in search of it, while we stood at the moment on the chosen ground! We forgive the ignorance of the son of Erin for the deterrence of the site of Fort du Quesne! Also what was it now? It was no longer

"The green old Fort
We loved so well"

Its ancient glory had departed—some lone stones, piled up four or five feet high, formed one side of a horse and wagon shed, for the accommodation of the country people who flock to market! Shade of chivalry is it thus thy tomb is deserted! Oh! it was, and improvement is the sacrilegious spoiler and invader! It is indeed a fact, we feel a stranger in our own home! Changes has succeeded change so rapidly, that we almost fancy ourself in the predicament of the poor woman who lost her identity by having her garments metamorphosed as she slept by the way-side, as she journeyed to market.

Her cage for to sell

Every thing seems new! New faces, new streets, new places, new buildings—every thing now wears a different aspect from former years. Look to the Point—to the location of Fort du Quesne—and we see the old pools filled up, streets laid out, houses built, and factories established almost within sound—and all within the short space of fifteen or twenty years! The "pools"—why they were full of crawfish in our days, and it was rare sport for us to pelt them with stones. We fagged with Kings "if was fun for us but death to them." We think we hear them still crying "Hold and mercy!" and our conscience smites us for our juvenile cruelty. But the crawfish are no more, and their very haunts have now become our pits, where lumber is ripped up and converted into floating by the power of steam! Instead of the music of bullfrogs, we have the late dismal sound of the hammer riveting the rods and fastenings for cylindrical boilers and pipe for the majestic steamer which skims the surface of our beautiful waters! Fort du Quesne is no more. It lives only in story!

### Pittsburg and Allegheny.

Their poetry, too in a great measure takes its characters from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncracies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those beggars who have to cut off a pittance from the immortality of the inexperienced by stripping the nakedness and sores of their own minds; yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely though unsignedly colored by their personal feelings. The character of Milton was distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time we can judge, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It twined every association and every pleasure into its own sadness. It resembled that noxious Sardinian root, of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. The mind was, in the high and proper sense of the word, "a kind of darkness, or darkness itself, and where the light was is darkness!" The glomur'st his character discovers all the passions of men and all the face of nature, in tingue with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, unable to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and wasted form of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belonged to a man too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover, and like Dante had been unfortunate in ambition and love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come, some had carried into foreign climes their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons, and others had passed forth their blood on the scaffold. That hateful proscription facetiously termed the "Act of Indemnity and Oblivion" had set a mark on the poor blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an incontinent people. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bell-man, were the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a lustfulness horde, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus; grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine and bloated with gluttony. Amidst them his Muse was placed like the chaste Lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene; to be clustered at, pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of satyrs and goblins. If ever despondency and misery could be pardoned for a song, it might have been in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor domestic affections, nor political disappointment, nor public neglect, nor private neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious and stern, but it was a temper which no sufferings could render fretful or sullen. Hence it was that though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a period of life when imagination is said to languish, or in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effected by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all the most lovely and delightful in the physical and moral world. His poetry rouses, like the pinnacles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embossed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

### Friendship at First Sight.

Answer to a.

Sweet girl, who e'er my waste of life
A fleeting charm for cares and strife,
Come, like some benignant bird at set,
To nestmate on my weary breast;
Mid Ocean's round immensity
A thing to note in smiles and gladness,
Mid doubt and danger, fears and sadness—
To sense a moment, and no more
Then vanish from my life's lone coast
My memory of that little hour,
When, on the wide world's common way,
We met—to part—perhaps for ever!
The feelings that at parting play
Words cannot tell, nor years efface:

And this—is this indeed the lot
Of kindred feeling here below?
With those we love permitted not
To journey on, as on we go—
But when, at length, the last, the last
Condemned to mend life's weary way
Wearing to them a brow and face
Almost as treacherous as they!

Ferdinand Tarpeio.

### Tribunal of Criticism.

The world contains more grand and beautiful thoughts, more poetry in verse and prose, than will suffice for the wants of humanity. The most ardent heart through life, and adolescence in age. Do you covet it *all*, because it is all desirable? Well. Apply the same principle to other matters. There is no country, not a spot on the globe, where you may not have enough to satisfy the cravings of taste, either in the character of its people, the beauty of its scenery, or its monuments of antiquity. Will nothing satisfy you, therefore, short of circumnavigating the earth seven times, and of ransacking every feelings or elevate the soul? If you have prayed with Coleridge in the valley of Chamouni, and rhapsodized with Byron at the foot of Parnassus, must you also have prostrated yourself at every shrine, and "heaven-kissing hill," Rhodope and Etna, Hybla and Ben Nevis? If you have sailed down the Rhone's "exulting and abounding river," must you also float on the waters of every Italian stream which has beautiful green banks and broad magnificent waves? Why, there is not a blade of green or withered grass, not a budding or fading flower, not a melody or an aerial bird, from "the hidden to the apparent sole," which has not had its share of poetic or scientific view. Will you therefore hoarding up your fifty million square miles! Shall every herb reveal to your gaze its curious texture!—every mountain-flower and prairie-blossom display its coloring and exhale its perfume for your senses!—each winged existence of the forest and the cloud pour its melody in your ear and unfold its plumage to your eye? Dear friend, be content with that which is within your attention to be, your time and capacity, though it should not comprise in itself *all* that is excellent. A sufficiency is enough, and simple *taste* is as good as the refinedness of a deluge. Do you not remember that in the dizziness of wonder and thrilled with the ecstacy of awe at the Falls of Niagara, have we need to visit any other cataract; for you have already witnessed the sum and magnificence of physical grandeur, and the others are but cascades of a second-rate magnificence.

Reason, then, and the common principles of life, and more than all, incorruptible sincerity, had you make a selection. By what standard shall we select? The opinions of *individual* great men are but a doubtful guide; for they are as various as the poetry from which you will select; and while they blend all nature in their poetry, they are so unsettled they have each their private household gods, whom they would force on your worship as prime divinities. Dr Johnson considered Pollock's Lycidas a poor unnatural affair; a strange opinion to be sure; but it is delivered *extrahedre* by Sir Oracle himself, and "let no dog bark." Schlegel thought Arosto unworthy the name of genius. Landor thinks Voltaire and Boileau have written no true poetry. Jeffrey considered Wordsworth a very inferior poet, while Coleridge and Southey esteemed him the greatest of the last century. Bergman Tallfard and Professor Wilson view Coleridge as his equal if not superior, and Byron places Campbell at the head of them all. Now will you pursue your yet unfurnished brain in striving to reconcile these jarring judgments? Ever and anon, we cavale in the clamorous scent of criticism for outside the glorious uncertainty of the law's delay; and nothing remains for you but to withdraw these cases from that disputatious court, and refer them for decision to a supreme, impartial, incorruptible tribunal. I refer to the tribunal of age, constituted by the men of all time, and where your own good mind must act as a benevolent judge. Here all artists receive a full and patient hearing, and their contending claims are settled by its final and unappeachable award.

### Atmospheric Pneumatic Engine.

The Louisville Advertiser notices a new invention by a Mr. Lanning, of that city, which would be invaluable, if the principle could be successfully applied to the propelling of heavy machinery. It is an engine which is put into operation by atmospheric air, dispensing with boilers, water, and steam, and putting all danger of explosion out of the question. It is thus described

"In a large construction it is so exceedingly simple. Two tubes, or chimneys, capable of bearing a pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch, are placed perpendicularly over a stove or furnace, from which a flue leads to each. The flue is so constructed that a fire in the furnace, the blaze of which ascends into one of the chimneys, (the other being closed by the valve) The rarifice the air, thus rendered through a pipe, into a common cylinder, and moves the piston. The action of the engine shuts the first flue, in which a vacuum is created, while the heat and propelling force are chanced to the other; producing the reverse motion. Thus heated air is applied to the common engine in the same manner as steam. With a slight fire we saw the engine put in motion, and, though but a rough model and upon a small scale, it afforded sufficient power to drive a common flaxseed mill, or wheat cleaner with considerable rapidity. It will require *less fuel* than is necessary in working a steam-engine, no water, nor boilers. We understand that the inventor has received liberal proposals already, from men of capital, who have confidence in its complete success."

### Sonnets.

I never have loved thee; yet strange tho' it be
So soft are the feelings I cherish for thee
That the wildest of precious could never impart
Half the joy I feel when I meet thy dear heart
They come o'er my breast in my happiest hours,
They come like the south wind that ruffles the flowers—
A thrilling of softness a thrilling of bliss—
Say, is there no name for a passion like this!

It cannot be friendship, it cannot be love,
Yet I know the sweet feeling deserends from above
Else why do my spirits so mantle and burn
Yet adds all the rapture, the pleasure of thrill
For so soft the emotion my spirit hath moved,
It is warm as the last, and more pure than the first;
Then can it be love, when there grows not to me a dose,
Yet it cannot be friendship, it cannot be love

I know we must part, yet united in soul
Our thoughts like one current together will roll,
And oh! should my soul be the first to ascend
When an angel in heaven I'll plead for my friend,
Yet sometimes I think when my young life is o'er,
And my voice, that hath thrill'd thee, can thrill thee no
more

That my spirit will steal from its mansion of bliss
To lie on thy bosom, and guard thee in this

Thou may'st whisper farewell, but thou can'st not depart—
I hold thee too close in the folds of my heart,
And that full heart is deeper than night else can be
Unless to the feeling I cherish for thee
Thou can'st say, "farewell" and be gone, if thou will,
But our memories like sentinels guard thee around—
Kind watchers! they'll keep each intruder away,
And hold thee my captive by night and by day.

I were almost too sweet for such bosoms as ours
To die the calm death of the innocent flowers,
Yet, oh! if the angels will summon me hence,
The closer of our lives will be lovely as theirs—
And, oh! if the death pangs our bosoms must rend
If they'll mingle my spirit with that of my friend
Then can I say, "farewell" and be gone if thou will,
For thy "parted on earth, we'll be linked in the skies.

Amelia.

### Christian Truth.

Men embody their conceptions of Christian truth in their systems. They must do this. The soul is never satisfied with a vague conception. The artist catches a glimpse of the beautiful, and seeks forthwith to transfer it to his canvass or his marble so the soul, when it grasps a portion of the Truth, seeks to bring it home to itself, to determine its place in a general system of Truth. It is only in this way that the soul can realize it practically available, stamp its value, and fit it for general circulation in the commerce of life. But the greatest and best of men embody in these conceptions but a feeble portion of Christian truth; it escapes them, as we have said, on all sides, spreads out to infinity beyond their clearest and most comprehensive vision; yet we are prone to conclude that the truth which escapes us does not exist; that all views of truth but we cannot compress within our systems are false, and worthy of no confidence; that beyond the narrow horizon of our vision there is nothing to save the mass. But truth, reality is boundless. Beyond that horizon, on which we gaze as the verge of the Universe, there is reality no less than within it; and were our vision but strong enough, we should behold the presence and glory of God there as well as here. Through the operations of the mind's own powers, and the providential aid which we receive from God himself, who never ceases to act, if we may so speak, the part of an educator, the human race is ever advancing, purging its vision, enlarging the horizon of its observation, and making to itself new conquests from the Unknown. We have passed beyond the barriers which arrested the progress of our predecessors; and who shall say that those who shall come after us will not overleap the barriers at which we are compelled to stop? Is it anywhere written in the book of providence, that the limits of the short space of fifteen or twenty years? The "pools"—why they were full of crawfish in our days, and it was rare sport for us to pelt them with stones. We fagged with Kings "it was fun for us but death to them." We think we hear them still crying "Hold and mercy!" and our conscience smites us for our juvenile cruelty. But the crawfish are no more, and their very haunts have now become our pits, where lumber is ripped up and converted into flooring by the power of steam! Instead of the music of bullfrogs, we have the late dismal sound of the hammer riveting the rods and fastenings for cylindrical boilers and pipe for the majestic steamer which skims the surface of our beautiful waters! Fort du Quesne is no more. It lives only in story!

### Kisses.

Suggested by having a newspaper simultaneously turn over the leaves of the bible at a reference during a sermon.

A running on of autumn leaves—
As if a gentle breat
Through rustling trees and opening chestnut,
Where under the mossy grass, or leaves,
With harvest-whispers passing
Such was the sound that rustling
Moved visibly the stillness of her
Of that musically vast!
Or was it like that sweetest sound
In some long weary calm,
When homeward voyagers embound
In glory upon that breathe not round
Behind the agitated palm
Of him who watches for a wind
Dearer than sculptors left behind,
Or are of odorous balm?

The low and lids the fluttering, heard
Through every sunny nail,
When wish unbind and are stirred,
Responsive to one gushing word.
Art is that dwelling frail—
So light it seems that there each hand
Put forth in welcome from the land
Some spirit-lesson to hail.

Or was it like the breath suppressed
Of men who rise by night—
And cast away their pillowed rest,
And dreamy sufferer from their heart,
And gird themselves with might,
Vowed to some great and high emprise
Too deep for human words or sighs
Till breaks the morning light?

Yes! it was this—all these—and more!
It was the harvest wind
Pressing the fields of this world o'er;
Moving the leaves of life to pour
Their fragrance on the mind—
And seem "the conqueror" shall come forth,
Whose angel-wings shall shake the earth.
God's golden sheaves to bind!

E. M. H.

## Ladies Department.

### Education.

Education should be what its name imports. It is derived from the words—*e* and *duco*, which signify to lead out; and it means development. There is a very great error prevalent on this subject. Were we to consult the general opinion of parents, tutors, and pupils, we should suppose that education was the very reverse of development. When a parent directs his teacher in the education of his children, he informs him that he wishes them to have so much knowledge communicated, say of grammar, arithmetic, Latin, &c. He sends his child to school as he does to the merchant, to get so much, as though knowledge, like cloth, could be measured by the yard. The schoolmaster generally provides himself with a stock of the saleable branches of education, and prepares to supply all orders in his line. He regards his scholars as the druggist does his phials. He takes their minds one by one, and pests in, pour in, from his larger vessel, of the requested material, so though it were oil, and carefully corks it up, fearing lest the least mention should spill the precious article. The parent upon receiving his child acts upon the same principle, and examines the child's hand to see if it be full. Such, we fear, is too frequently the education as of a process of filling up. He goes into the school-room as he would go into prison, expecting to have his mind confined, and handled, and filled up, and shut down. Now the truth is that education is *following down*. It consists in leading out the mind. The school-room should be an enchanted spot, and the child should enter it as the candidate for the prize entered into the Olympic games, or as the Indian engages in the gigantic pastimes of the wilderness. It is the arena for mental sport and mental struggle, with a view to mental development. An ancient teacher, Lycurgus, understood the principle, when he directed the pictures of joy and gladness to be hung around his school-rooms. I am aware that much useful knowledge is communicated in school, independent of any branch of science which does not contribute its share of valuable facts. The ordinary branches of *English education* derive their chief value from their being available to the practical purposes of life; but in reference to most branches of knowledge, the primary object is the development, discipline, and strength of the intellectual powers. The principle will enable me to determine the question so much agitated in our own day in relation to the necessity of the classics and mathematics. I know that the demand of the age is for practical knowledge. We are becoming exclusively utilitarian. We cultivate exclusively the mind, which has not a practical application. The writings of several eminent men in this country and in Europe, have contributed largely to give this direction to public sentiment. Men of distinguished talents, in times past, what will enable my son to make money! Under the influence of a Carthaginian avarice, the process of reasoning seems to be getting out of vogue. There is scarcely a mechanic, a assembly who can listen, for an hour, to a connected chain of thought. The only mental operations for which our age seems to be fitted, are arithmetical calculations, and the memory of facts. It is to be regretted that the classic and mathematics are sinking into neglect.

### The Intellect and Heart.

It is not enough to develop the intellect and the body. There are other faculties besides the merely corporeal and mental. The moral faculties, above all others, are in need of training. The physical organs are the servants of the mental faculties, but both are subjected to the moral and higher faculties. In consequence of the fall, the latter have lost much of their power, while the mere animal propensities have acquired preternatural ascendancy. Hence, the highest object of education is to develop the conscience and the affections—those elements of his nature by which man bears the image of his Creator, and which, if properly cultivated, will qualify him for a participation in the happiness of heaven.

It is astonishing that in this day of reform it should be thought a strange doctrine, that education should embrace the moral nature. Long ago Long since was the question settled. It has been so regarded by the greatest lights in every age from the last to that of Aristotle. Locke, the most distinguished of modern metaphysicians, says, "I place virtue as the first and most necessary of all the endowments which belong to a man," &c. Lord Kames says, "It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head with no little attention to the heart." "The end of learning," according to the immortal Milton, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and, out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing ourselves of true virtue, which, united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

### Educating the Heart.

The heart is the mainspring of the powers. It is to the man what the pilot is to the vessel—it gives him his direction; the intellectual powers are the mere machinery. How vain is the hope of the world's perfection by means of its intellect. Let knowledge diffuse its rays to the ends of the earth—will sensuality, and avarice, and ambition, and jealousy, and vanity, and pride, and unbelief, be destroyed, or even reduced? Say, they will live, and act, and act too, in a broader field, with a keener eye, with a deeper wisdom, with a more refined art, and work out with more terrific energy their charming, desolating effects. Am I summoned to the ancient sages for proofs that education has a controlling influence over the passions? To ancient sages will I go. I am willing to search their caves, and groves, and public ways, and private walks, as with a lighted candle. I know that the closer the examination, the more multiplied the evidences that my opinion is well founded. They taught what they did not practice. Their wisdom was all in theory, and they were ignorant of its workings. The fountains of iniquity were cainser, but more profound—the streams flowed in narrower, but deeper channels.

### Universal Education.

A spirit has gone forth among the nations which demands universal education. It comes upon the earth like the Sirocco we breathe, enveloping land and sea. It bends like the principle that wheels the planets in their orbits. Tyrants tremble, thrones bow, armies stand still before it. Man will be educated. On the point the extermination of the world meet—antipodes feel in unison—one atmosphere speaks, and the other answers. Man may rise against it—avarice may utter its maledictions—superstition may rail—selfishness may exclaim, intermeddling meddling confusion, but it comes. The decree has gone forth that man shall be enlightened. It will not be revoked. It is the voice of nature—it is the voice of God. Vain is resistance—vain the arm of law—vain the sceptre of sovereignty—vain the barriers of caste. They will be swept like the dike before the tide when a nation is engulfed, or the rampart before the whirlwind that has uprooted the forest.

### Conversation.

Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unhappy mortalate, was might usurp the first fiddle, would inevitably get into a scrape. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers; if too dissimilar, there will be no harmony; if too few, there will be no variety; and if too numerous, there will be no order; for the presumption of one greater might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single kettle-drum would drown the first solo of a Blumwich or a Jordini. There are jesting concombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme!

## Farmers Department.

### Meadows and Pastures.

Every farmer will readily admit that meadows and pastures are among the most essential appurtenants of the farm, and yet there are hundreds, who while they subscribe to the propriety of the proposition, leave the work of providing them to nature, relying in numerous instances for the winter sustenance of their stock to the blades, tops and straw produced on their farm, making very little calculation beyond the mere keeping of skin and bone together through the winter and early spring, and then of turning the poor half famished creatures into the woods to earn their support by browsing on the young leaves of the undergrowth. Such farming only serves to emaciate both land and owner, and should be reformed altogether. It is no disreputable to the country in a national point of view, as it is destruction of individual interest. Unless stock are well fed, their manure partakes of the character of their food, is so indifferent in quality as it is inconsiderable in quantity. He that farms right must make the increase of manure one of the chief objects of his business, and when, let me ask, can pursue this branch of it successfully, without he feed his cattle full and well! No one, unless he has so far progressed in the obstruse sciences, as to have discovered the philosopher's stone.

It is obvious to all that without meadows, sufficient procender cannot be accumulated in spring and summer, to support the stock of a farm through the fall and winter; and it is equally obvious, that without good pastures through the period of grazing, that they cannot be kept either with credit or profit. These are things that every man knows—their relations are not involved in difficult problems—common sense, and interest, all conspire to give the answers; but still we may ride for days in some parts of our country without finding a single meadow of artificial grass, or a field of clover. Why this thing is so we cannot divine; for to us it appears a mystery, that a people so intelligent as are ours, should be so indifferent to matters which so intimately concern them, and so materially affect their pecuniary affairs.

Our advice to one and all